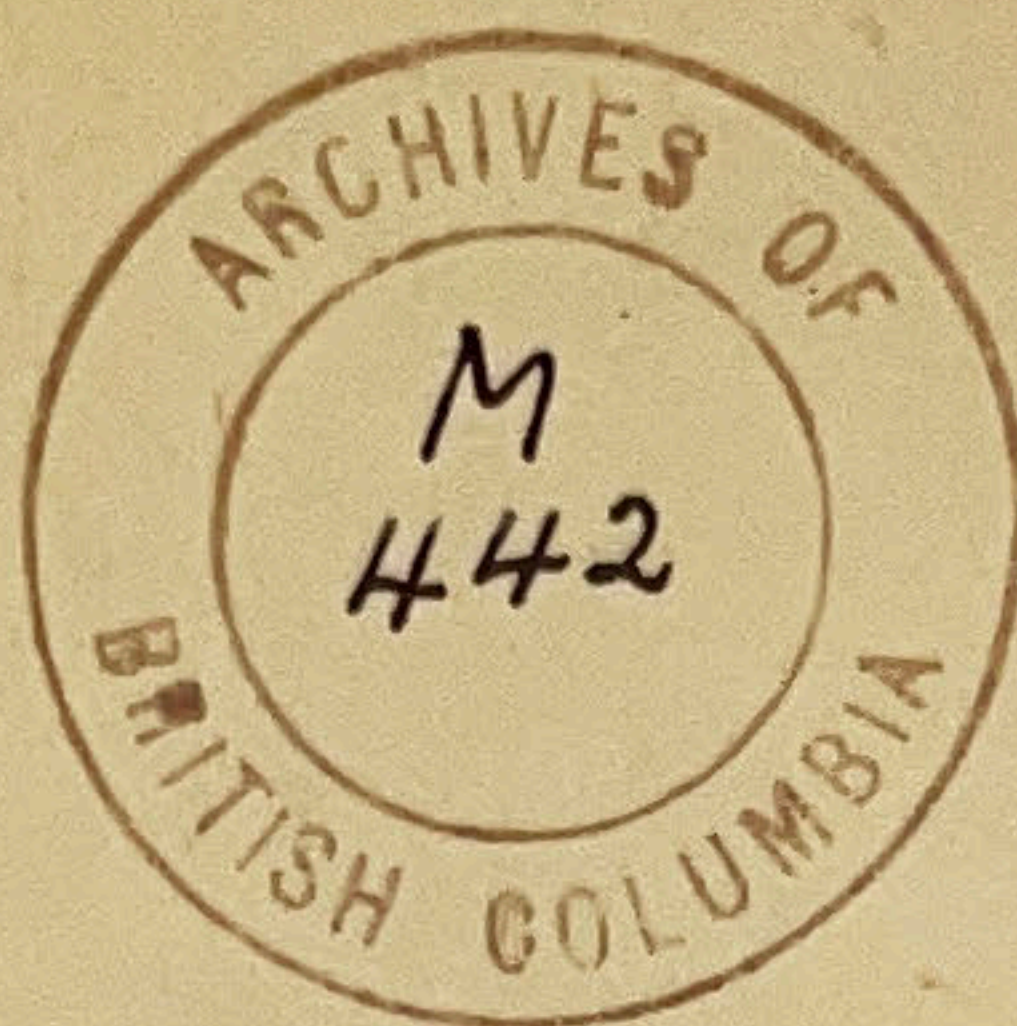


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- Danys Nelson -

THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REV. FATHER NICOLAS COCCOLA
O.M.I. AS DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF WHILE A PATIENT IN ST.
PAUL'S HOSPITAL. VANCOUVER. B.C. IN AUGUST 1924.

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The Life and Work of Father Coccola

as related to Dennis Nelson

1924.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL
Fraser Lake, B. C.
Lejac P. O.

Dec. 30, 1924.

My dear Denys Nelson:

I received today the letter of Xmas greetings addressed to Cranbrook. Thanks for the photos of the old Cross at Okanagan Mission reminder of my young years, and those of mountain top at McBride. In return I enclose of my native home in Corsica which you described the Eagle nest.

All here seem to be glad of my return amongst them and they are all well and happy and enjoy the holidays.

May the new coming year be as you like it, so I pray our dear Lord

Yours in His Heart

(Signed) N. Coccola.

The Rev. Father N. Coccola, O.M.I.

1.

A. STUDENT DAYS

B. A PRIEST IN CANADA.

FATHER NICOLAS COCCOLA. O.M.I.

PETER NICOLAS JOURDAIN COCCOLA was born in the village of Coccola, in the island of Corsica, a compatriot of the Emperor Napoleon.

Situated like an eagle's eyrie, which the name signifies, the place is a fine outlook, where the people can keep watch for their enemies. For they are great fighters for independence, and are not above enjoying a fight any way. Like the Kootenay Indians, among whom Father Coccola was destined to spend so many years, they are born fighters, and it would seem as if the father himself had inherited not a little of the national characteristic. He certainly has always preferred the pioneer work, and rough knocks, to the more peaceful life that others enjoy.

The parish to which his family belonged is that of Santa Luccia. The language of the people is a patois of their own. But closely allied to Italian.

There are excellent schools and colleges in Corsica, where the student can get every educational advantage, save that of preparation for the Army or Navy, for which he has to go to France. In Arts and Science Corsica is envied of all the rest of France.

Born in the year 1854, on December 12, he spent the first ten years of his life at home. Then he was sent to private schools in the island, followed by attendance at the Lycee at Bastia. This town is not the capital of the island, but is the most important city being the commercial centre. There were about 700 students at the Lycee, the cost being 1000 francs for the first year, and 700 francs per annum afterwards. The French, and Corsicans in particular, are very good to strangers, and especially to the 'coloured' students, of whom there are a great number in the schools.

While at the Lycee the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 broke out. The boys of the First Class all offered themselves, which offer was accepted without conditions being attached. That is, they could enlist without getting the consent of their parents. But although his class also offered their services, the offer was refused unless the parents had first given their consent. So they had to stay at the school, but were taught German, and German geography, until they were familiar with all things German, but fortunately, they never had any opportunity to practise their knowledge outside the class-room. But this will show that the school days were not devoid of interest and that the days spent there were not monotonous.

The studies at the Lycee took him as far as Rhetoric; then it was necessary for him to go to the capital at Ajaccio. Here the studies took him on to Rhetoric and Philosophy, and here it was that he took the final steps, and made up his mind that the world had

no attraction for him. He had tried it, and found it wanting. He turned from the world, and towards the Church. The Grand Seminary at Ajaccio filled the lack that his heart was craving for to a certain extent, still something was wanting....though what that was, was hard to define.

The conclusion that was finally forced upon him was that the only true happiness consisted in being a missionary priest. As usual, his thoughts turned towards China, and being a martyr. There was, as yet, no thought of religious discipline in his mind; all was full of what he might accomplish for the Church, without any thought of what might be the will of God in the matter.

It was in conversation with one of the professors that light came to him, and he realized that true happiness consists in yielding all, sacrificing all; the remark of an Oblate father, that the most pleasing life to God was the religious life, because there lay true sacrifice. Man in giving to God his Soul and his Body, only gave to God what was God's own property. In giving to God his Will, man was giving the only possession that could be truly considered man's own possession, and therefore the surrender of it must be the truest form of self-sacrifice.

This struck him like a lightning-flash, and set him dreaming of what he might do, and of submitting himself to some religious order. He spoke to his Director about this, and he tested his vocation, with the result that he was told that as yet he was necessary to his mother and family. He was the eldest son; there were three boys and four girls; a large family; his father was dead and his mother had the first claim upon him. It was his duty to go on with his studies for the present.

Each year he spoke to his director about this, and asked if he thought that he had a vocation, but the director would not make a definite statement. He let his family know that he desired the religious life but they all told him that it was suicide. He was not strong enough they said; he could not stand the strain; he was delicate rather than otherwise. So they all said.

His brothers who were all being educated at Ajaccio but at different schools, also considered the idea of giving themselves to the religious life, and being missionaries, and it was decided among themselves that all three should go.

But the second brother became sick at the end of the year and had to go home. He suggested the missionary life, at home, but was ridiculed. He wrote to his brother saying that he would not change his mind, but events proved too strong for him, and eventually he had to remain at home.

The younger brother and he went home for the vacation at this time, and the same ridicule that the second brother had received fell to their lot also.

Vacation over they returned to Ajaccio, but left the second brother behind them. Back at Ajaccio a retreat was preached, and the desire to join an order became very strong indeed. Then he went to his director and urged him to say once for all whether or not he had a vocation. If he had, then let him go; otherwise let him give up all hope now.

This time the reply was favourable. "Yes", he said "you have a vocation" and the point to be settled was What Order to join, and When to go?

"Please yourself" he was told. "Choose from among the many orders that there are".

A list was shown to him, but the one necessary consideration with him was that the Order that he joined must have in a special degree a devotion to the Mother of God. Then why not join the O.M.I. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate? it was suggested, the order of the Fathers themselves. It seemed the obvious thing to do.

Then...When to go?

"Take a week and think it over" he was told. "The Preacher of the Retreat is leaving in a week, and you can accompany him to the Noviciate, if you wish."

He went to the school where his younger brother was studying, and told him that everything was arranged, and that he was leaving for the noviciate in a week.

"But what about me?" asked the youngster.

"Oh, you are only nine years old. You can stay for a while yet, and go on with your studies" said the older boy.

"Not at all" replied the younger, "I am going too." He was so determined about it that the elder brother gave way; they arranged to say nothing to anybody, and to keep quite quiet until the day came.

Then when the time was arrived he went to the younger brother and said "Are you ready?" He went to his trunk room and demanded that it be packed. He was so confident, and the fact that his elder brother was with him seemed to make the matter all right with the authorities; anyway the trunk was produced, packed, and sent along with the boys to the steamer, and there put on board. People wondered, but each supposed that someone else had made the arrangements and no one stopped them. Then they walked on board and later wired home that they had both gone. Everyone seemed to take it for granted that it was all right; no one objected. God had planned it all. The young lad said farewell to the land of his birth without a tear or regret for all that he was leaving behind.

On their arrival in France, the first thing to do was to take the younger boy to the preparatory school belonging to the Oblates for the Mission field. Here again there were no objections; the step was taken, no one would send him back now, and the elder lad went on to the Noviciate at L'Osier, in the Department of Isere.

It is customary to spend two years at the Noviciate, but as he had already spent so much time at the Grand Seminary while the official decisions were being made, in his case one year only was required from him. He was already in minor Orders, and took his vows on December 8th, 1879.

From there, his next step was to the Scholasticate of Autun, France was now in a very troubled state. There was great talk about the probable attitude of the government towards the church, and about the possibility of the expulsion of the Religious from France. In this connection he told the Superior that they ought to take up arms and if necessary use guns against the enemies of the Church. The Religious ought to show more backbone, he declared. They were altogether too meek.

He was in consequence called one day to Headquarters and sent to the Moderator, who asked the would-be fighter if he were prepared to go on foreign missions. His reply was that that was the desire with which he had entered the religious life, but that since he was a religious, it was not for him to express any view on the subject at all. By this time he was a deacon, but not altogether finished with his theological studies. However he was ordered to go to Paris, and thence to Havre, on his way to work in North America, via New York.

After arriving in New York, he went by train to San Francisco, where they spent six days at the house of the Archbishop. "They" were three brothers in religion, namely Brothers Coccola, Chiappini, (also from Corsica) and Morice, who was destined to make a considerable name for himself as a writer and ethnologist in British Columbia.

From 'Frisco they went in a small boat to Victoria, landing there. Passing by a convent they wanted to know their way, and seeing some girls at the window, whether white or black he cannot now say, they called to them for information and were directed to the church. Bishop Seghers was away, but the Fathers received them very kindly, amongst whom was Father Laterme, who is today still in Victoria, and known as Mgr. Laterme.

They were assisted on their way to New Westminster, where Bishop D'Herbomez was in charge, and very glad to receive the new recruits. He was more of a 'mother' than a 'father' was the description given of the Bishop. Bishop Durieu was assistant-bishop at that time.

All three of the brothers were sent to St. Mary's Mission, to continue their studies. Here Father Carion was

the professor. Times were very hard in British Columbia at this time, and the poverty was great. The brothers had to catch their own fish. This was not so hard, but they had to salt it as well. This will give an idea of the sort of food they had to eat says Fr. Coccola. The smell of it was awful. "Enough to knock a bull down" after they had 'cured' the fish. Sometimes the Bishop would give them a gun and ammunition, to vary the monotony of the fish fare with a few 'chickens', and change the diet a little.

1881. While he was at St. Mary's he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop D'Herbomez, in the chapel of that institution; then he received his 'letter of obedience' to Kamloops. This was probably early in the spring and he found the Convent of St. Ann already built and operating.

Their own accomodation was at a log cabin some three miles away from where the town of Kamloops stands today, on some land bought by the church as a sort of speculation, in the expectation of the C.P.R. being built. The whole of the ground has since been disposed of and abandoned.

In the cabin there were two compartments, where he and his superior, Father LeJacq, and the assistant, Father Peytavin, lived together. At the same time, a college for boys was being built; the girls were already taken care of by the Sisters of St. Ann.

The C.P.R. were advancing from Port Moody, under the care of the contractor, Andrew Onderdonk, and Father Peytavin had to absent himself from time to time to go and attend to sick calls from men at work on the line under construction. Father Coccola had then to take charge of the cooking for the carpenters, and as soon as the meals were over, he had to go and help the carpenters at their work. From time to time, he had a joke on the rest of the men by changing the clock to suit his own convenience; so that if he had to get a meal ready in a hurry because the men were ready before he was, then he would set the hands of the clock back. On the other hand should he feel the pangs of hunger too great to bear, then he could always hurry the clock along, to the great astonishment of the rest. At the same time the men were all friends of his and showed him many of the 'tricks of the trade' in carpentry.

At the cabin there was a nice garden kept in the best of order by the hard working and devoted Brother Surel, who planted fruit trees, and though in advanced years worked wonders. Father Coccola would help him too when the house work and the carpenters did not take all of his attention.

HEADQUARTERS AT KAMLOOPS, B. C.

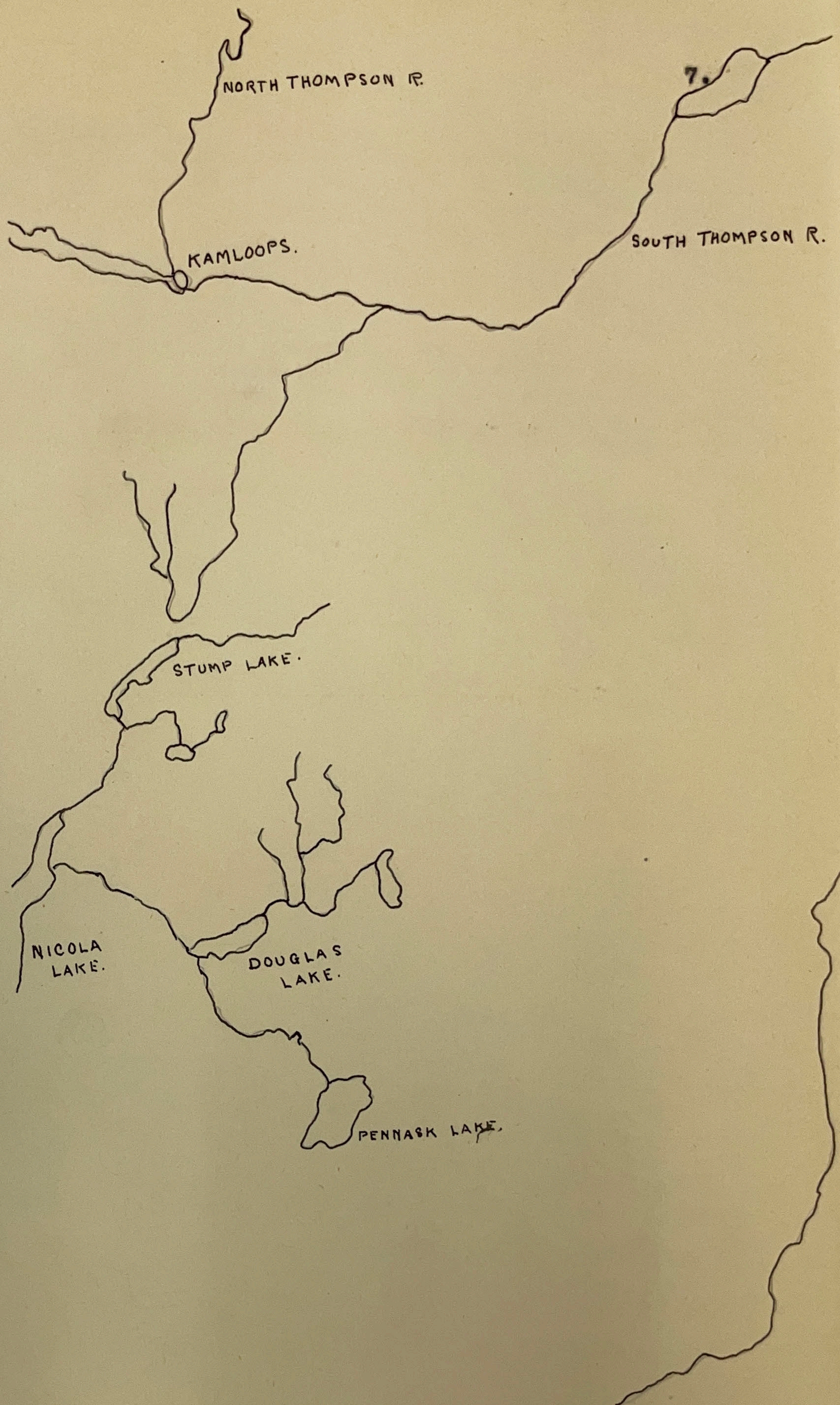
11.

A.

IN THE NICOLA VALLEY.

B.

CONSTRUCTION DAYS ON THE C.P.R.



In 1883 he went down to New Westminster to attend the annual Retreat. When ready to return to Kamloops, he arranged to accompany Father Chiappini and another priest through the mountains to the Okanagan Mission. Looking out of his window one morning, he saw a man lying asleep in the street below, who was just waking up. Going down to him, he found that he was an Italian, who could not speak any English. It was John Casorso, and he was finding it very difficult to obtain any work.

He was offered permanent work if he would accompany the priests into the interior to the Okanagan Mission, which he agreed to do. Crossing over the Fraser, they made their way to Hope, and thence through the mountains towards Keremeos, heading for the Similkameen district.

The way was hard, food was scarce, birds were not to be shot, and the party was hard pressed to find any meals save berries. Towards evening one day, tired and hungry, lights were seen and a church bell was heard. Their relief may be imagined. Keremeos, as far as he can now recollect, was the place they had stumbled on in the twilight, and at first the Indians themselves could hardly believe their eyes. They were however becoming accustomed by this time to other ministers making their appearance, and they were determined to make sure that they really had got Catholic Priests with them.

"Do they say Mass?" was the question they first put to the followers. "Yes". "Are they married?" "No". Then they must be alright was the conclusion that the Indians came to. And they at once set to work to make them welcome in their own way.

But their methods of cooking did not appeal to John Casorso at all. Cleanliness was not one of the virtues with the Indians, and as they mixed a stew with their dirt laden hands they were wont to wipe their noses with their hands and then plunge them back again into the savory stew.

Casorso noticed this, and his stomach revolted. He had taken the precaution to keep his pockets filled with berries, the clalie or saskatoon berries, which were plentiful on the road, and he declined the dish. Father Coccola, however felt that their kindness, (which came from the heart and was sincere) deserved a better reception, and urged him to eat, saying, "Eat, pay no attention to what you see." These were too great heights for Casorso to rise to he felt, and stuck to his berries.

On their arrival at the Mission Fr. Chiappini stayed there while Fr. Coccola went on to his own place at Kamloops. Here he stayed for about five years, visiting the Mission from time to time as duty called him.

Once he went there to recruit his health.

On reaching the Mission, he found only Fr. Chiappini there and almost at once an urgent sick call came in. Fr. Chiappini was in a dilemma. "If I let you take the sick call while you are sick yourself, and die, I shall get into trouble with the Bishop", he said. "On the other hand, I am booked to preach the 'Jubilee' and it has been announced, and lots of people are coming, and there will be more trouble if there are no services and they will be much disappointed. What shall we do?"

In the end Fr. Chiappini went off to the sick call and left Fr. Coccola to look after the 'Jubilee'.

FONTAINE.

About 1883 two men came from Fontaine to Kamloops to ask for a priest, and said that already fifteen people had died in their camp, many were sick, and they wanted the priest to visit them. Father LeJacq was the priest in charge, and as he was at that time unable to go himself, sent Fr. Coccola in his place. He had to travel by Savona's Ferry, Bonaparte, Clearwater, and then Pavilion Mountain. Landing at Fontaine in the night they took him to a large hut where the dead body of the son of the chief was lying. After a short prayer for the repose of his soul, with a crowd standing around, he told them to be of good cheer. The priest was there to pray for them, and every thing would be for the best. But the sick people would have to remain in their houses in the warmth. He knew what the sickness was, and with proper care it would have no more serious consequences. Then if the sick remained in bed he would visit them in the morning at home.

But what was his surprise next morning, when he came to say Mass to see standing around, more than a dozen of those sick people that one would have thought were almost in their graves. He began his domiciliary visits. He had medicine with him. He treated them, and nobody died after that. He took advantage of his visit to Fontaine to see the country around. He went to Lillooet, met almost all the white people of the place, speaking to them in their own language, French, English or Italian. Visited the Indians also and then started for another camp, almost at the foot of Pavilion Mountain. Rather tired, but very much gratified to know that the sickness had been stamped out of the Fontaine village. As there were only a few people in that camp, he thought that there would be only a few at Mass in the morning, and that there would be plenty of time for him. To his surprise in the morning, the people of the locality being at prayer in one of the houses, he heard an excitement going on outside. Turning around, he saw the Fontaine people entering the "house of prayer."

In a scolding way he asked them "What possesses you to be here?" They answered, "When we came to our church for the morning prayer, and saw the altar deserted, we began

to cry and to say prayers was no longer possible, and that is why we are here, so that we could hear you, and assist at Mass."

Such are the people who are often accused of being Christian in name only, and not in deed.

Now began his work in the Nicola Valley, where some white people were already settled. The Indians were in considerable numbers, and very wild. They were addicted to their "medicine men" and while some of them were Christians, they were mostly, even then, Christian in name only, though of course there were good exceptions.

It happened that Johnny, the son of a chief of the Nicola Indians named Nicolas Chil-hit-sa, (from whom the Nicola valley derives its name) fell ill, and the medicine-man was unable to give relief. (The name of this chief is spelled Teilaxitca by the Smithsonian Inst. Jessup Exp. Teit.)

The chief was a great man with much influence among the Indians, both with the Okanagan and the tribes around Spences Bridge. He sent to Kamloops asking that a priest should be sent to the camp. As none of the priests could go, Fr. Coccola was asked if he would care to go. He replied that it was not for him to say, but if his superior gave the order for him to go, he would see what sort of an answer he would give. "Then go" was the reply. Like a flash he enquired what was the matter with the sick man, took up some medicine case, traversed the rough ways at the greatest possible speed and reached the bedside of the sick boy at night, with his horse spent. About 20 years of age, he was the pride of the old chief, who was in despair at the thought of losing him. The father gave the lad the sacraments, "the consolation of the Church", and then said, "Here is some medicine. Take so much now, so much more during the night, and again repeat in the morning". Early in the morning he asked for his horse, in order that he might return to Kamloops, only to learn that the poor beast had succumbed to the hard riding of the previous day and was dead. Here was a pretty state of things. The Superior had not given him permission to stay away indefinitely, and being a young man, he began to worry as to what would be said to him if he should stay away too long. However he demanded a horse, and was met with the response that he must wait until the medicine that he had administered had taken effect for good or ill. Alright, he said, I will stay, but on the condition that you give me a good horse now, and two young men who will scour the country with me and show me all that can be seen in a day. Men and horse were on the spot in a moment, and he saw to it that neither of them were spared.

Arriving back at the camp in the evening, the people greeted him with the welcome news that the boy was out of danger. With joy they met him. "You have cured him" they said, "tomorrow see what we will do for you."

But to the young priest that night seemed very long, not knowing what the superior might have to say about this absence from the mission. He need not have feared, but at the time it seemed very serious to him. Besides his horse was dead, how would he get back anyway? But on the morrow a fresh horse was brought, and one of the very best possible horses from a valley that is famous for its breed. For the Nicola valley is a great horse valley and this was the Chief's own horse and a fine beast, well fed, well groomed, very different from the poor animal that had died. "There, that will take you back at a rate of 10 miles an hour," said the chief. And it did too, for he saw to that in his anxiety to return. But he saw to it that it did not suffer any harm, for it was a really fine animal.

After that his name was well-known in all the Nicola Valley, and he was then given the district to work in.

Next he recalls, visiting the Guichon's, now residents of Vancouver, whose name is familiar to residents in the Fraser valley and the Delta, through Port Guichon, near Ladner. From their place he went to visit the Indians and was accompanied by Alexander, the brother of Johnny Chil-hit-sa, who was his devoted friend. He was apprehensive lest something should happen to the priest, and kept close to him and watched everything carefully.

On this occasion, in the evening, all the Indians got together in one house, and it was crowded to the doors; those who could not get inside, stayed outside and joined in from there. A big medicine-man came in and approached him and began to talk. Alexander acted as interpreter.

Said the medicine-man, "What a great thing it is for us to have a man of learning in our midst. It is like a light shining among us. Here is a man who will tell us everything that we need to know."

After a little more sarcasm he continued:

"But there are a few questions we should like to put. Why do the Christians build Churches and Gaols? Are not the Heavens good enough to worship under; better than any church that man could build."

To this the father answered that the Church is not built for the benefit of God, but for man. When the man stands outside the church, his attention is distracted by all that he sees; the dogs barking; the horses galloping. If an intelligent man speaks, the people cannot listen nor follow his discourse. But under a roof they can follow what is going on and do not fear any distractions.

To this the onlookers all gave grunts of approbation. Long drawn Ah...h...h's gave assent to the priest.

Round number one in the priests favour.

Question number two. "Why do Christians build gaols?"

Answer. "At times your dogs steal things or bite men in the leg; then you weep. But some dogs are incorrigible and cannot be taught not to bite or steal. Then you tie them up so that they cannot injure others. In like manner white men build gaols so that when men become unruly, and will not listen to the voice of the chief, they can be shut up so that they can think and change their hearts, and become better men."

Again that long drawn Ah...h...h.. from the listening crowd. Round number two also in his favour.

But the Indians did not want the white men nor the Christians; neither the Priests nor the Gaols at all. They would have preferred to be without either. So they were all listening intently to the talk that was going on between the priest and the medicine-man, wondering how it would end. It was leading up to something. But to what?

Question number three now came.

"Are there any spirits, either good or bad?"

Answer. "Yes, Angels first were created; some were unfaithful and became bad spirits, whose work is to do all the evil they can to mankind."

"Then what spirits reside in plants...in the forests...in the lakes...?"

"They are different spirits. If people are good, then God sends them good spirits to assist them. If bad, then God allows the bad spirits to torment them."

"What spirit is in ME?" the Medicine-man asked.

And here the whole crowd listened very attentively. The answer was a very delicate one. If the reply should be that the spirit in the medicine-man was a good one, then the reply would be a lie, and also the retort would be that in that case the priest could safely leave the work amongst the Indians to the medicine-man, and "clear-out." If he said the spirit was a bad one, the insult could only be wiped out in blood. The medicine-man was a large and powerful man; he could have made a mouthful of the priest.

What reply could be made, and made in a moment. Looking at his watch, the priest snapped it open and shut with a laugh, saying cheerfully, "It is one o'clock already" and clapped the lad by his side on the shoulder. At once the man took the hint. The boys were all friends of his from the start. It was his custom to make friends with them to begin with. They could often speak a word

or two of English or Chinook, and he would have a joke with them, teach them a few more words, and have a good time. They would stand by his side while a debate was on or squat at his feet and listen to what was said. Now they took the hint at once. In a moment they jumped to their feet with loud cries of consternation. It was too late to go on talking thus; the Father must be tired out; the talk could be resumed tomorrow; let it stop now. The meeting broke up and the room emptied.

Left alone he looked around for his blankets to lie down and wait for the morning, leaving all in the hands of God, but with little hope of making Christians out of these wild animals. Lying there, thinking of the future, some one came and knocked violently on the door of the little cabin. He kept quiet, and did not make a sound. Others replied for him. "Leave that door alone. The Priest is there and is tired out" some one called. But the man, probably drunk, exclaimed that he was going in and if he could not get in by the door, then he would get in by the window.

Now there was an axe in the cabin, set there for splitting wood, and getting up he seized this and determined that if the drunkard attempted any violence he would find out what sort of an axe it was. But after all the man did not dare to enter in the dark, but went away. And this man was the son of the medicine-man!

In the morning, thanking God to see the light again, he went out, and deciding that there was no use in trying to say Mass amongst such people, began to enquire about some breakfast. He got something, and scarcely was he through eating, when he heard a noise like a caravan or a troop of horse, or cavalry approaching. Then there passed by the whole crowd with the medicine-man at the head, all dressed in their paint, head-dresses, feathers and all. He could not say which were men and which were women, for all were dressed alike, and paint obscured their features. The sight was very impressive and was designed as such, with the idea of intimidating the white man.

Crazy though it was, he went out of the cabin and stood by the side of the way and looked at them as though to say "You want to impress me, but is THIS the best you can do?" This was the appearance that he intended to show, but deeming discretion the better part of valour, he did not wait for the procession to return, but made his way to the next camp, where, after all he did not fare very much better.

When he got there it was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon on a dull November day, threatening snow. There was no house, only "wigwams" made of Stakes and rushes plaited together. The situation would be somewhere about where the town of Merritt is today.

It was said that no priest had stayed there, either because they were afraid, or too proud to stay with the Indians. So they said. He knew that they said this and on his arrival he reined up his horse so that it reared and plunged about and looked very fine. The Indian character was by this time well-known to him, and he knew that the man on foot is at a disadvantage in an argument. The man on horseback gets the admiration of the beholders. So he kept his seat and said that he had heard that they said that priests were either too much afraid or else too "toney" to associate with the Indians, and he had come to show them that they were wrong. But, he had conditions to make. They must invite him to come first, and then they must make him a "camp" for the night. There was silence. At last an old man said that he would provide a "camp" for the night. At once he dismounted, took off the saddle and bags containing the "chapel" and went in. People came in too, curious to see what "sort of an animal he was". Some of them talked in Chinook. By and by some one offered him something to eat. "Was he hungry?"

"Sure, of course he was hungry."
Someone then threw him some meat, just as one would throw a bone to a hungry dog. Some one else gave him a piece of the peculiarly hard Indian bread or cake. Then every one left him alone. Then he discovered that there was a big "potlach" to be held that night, which was the reason why there were so many people about. At that time he did not know what a "potlach" really was; had he done so, probably he would have chosen another day for his first visit.

Having only his horse blankets, he laid them on the ground with the saddle for a pillow, took his rosary in his hand for company's sake, and felt very lonely indeed, asking himself what tomorrow would bring forth. And then began the howling, screaming and yelling that were associated with an Indian celebration, coming from one of the underground dwellings, known as the "keekwilee holes."

What it was all about he did not know, but made sure that they were preparing to kill him, during the night. The fire too had burned very low in the wigwam, and it was a cold November night.

Presently a man stole quietly into the wigwam and creeping up to his side.....whispered that he was a Catholic, and loved the priests. Don't be afraid, he said, the people are wild, but never mind them. Listen, there is a young man very sick. Will you come to see him?

This was indeed a relief. Of course; he was only too glad to go to the sick man. Taking the Holy Oils and necessary things for baptism, he accompanied the stranger to another shelter and there he found a young man dying of tuberculosis, with only a short time to live.

He asked him if he wanted to go to Heaven; the reply was "Yes, life here was over, and he wanted to go to the Christians Heaven."

"Do you want to learn what will take you there?"

"Yes," that was his desire.

The priest then said a few words about sin and baptism, administered the sacraments, and left the lad, feeling that after all the night had not been wasted.

But again when morning came there was no opportunity of saying Mass amongst such a horde of savages, and as he was debating what course to pursue, a man came up and said "Not far from here I have a house where I live by myself. Come with me. I will be glad to take care of you, and have you with me."

Most gladly he accepted this providential offer; enquired for his horse, which he valued highly, being the same beautiful creature that he had received from Chief Nicolas Chil-hit-sa. But the spirited animal had not made any vows of obedience or of starvation, and finding that he was not being taken care of, had gone off quietly on his own account. Therefore the services of a pony had to be requisitioned to take him to the house of his new friend, where he was really comfortable for a time, compared with the lot that had befallen him before.

Soon he found that the man who had first located coal in the Nicola Valley, Garcia by name, was living close by, married to an Indian woman. With his help, therefore, a place was fixed up where he could say Mass under decent conditions and took care of him. A few white settlers and Indians came to the services and assisted at Mass. When Mass was over, a Portuguese (whom he had met before in his travels) said to him "Thanks be to God that I have heard again the Mass of my country, which I left forty years ago. When I heard you say 'Dominus vobiscum' and 'Ite missa est' I thought of my country and could hardly help crying."

Here Fr. Coccola sees a great proof of the value of the Latin tongue in the church services, for had any other language been used, it would have lacked much of the force of the reminder of the days of his youth and religious training. No other language would have had quite the same effect.

From this place he went to the Coldwater country.

Here there was a newly-built Indian village and in the district there were a few Christians and lots of pagans and besides which, it was a great place for medicine-men.

The first thing to do was to prepare a place in which to say Mass for the following day. The cold was so intense that everybody said that it was impossible, as

there was no stove and the "house" was open to the winds on all sides. He got a proof of how cold it was when he made an attempt to place the altar cloth in position and it stuck to his fingers. His cheeks began to prickle and felt as though cob-webs were brushing against them. He kept on brushing his face as though to remove them, and an Indian noticing the actions asked him why he did so. On being told what the sensation was like he warned him that he was in the process of being frost-bitten, and after that he made for a warmer spot.

This was in the latter days of November and people remarked that it was the coldest weather that they had ever experienced. They were forced to go for Mass to a "keekwilee hole" where there were 19 families assembled. Perfume!! It was terrible. Yet it was so cold that it was necessary to place a mat over the hole in the roof by which entry was made in order to keep the heat inside. Here he fixed an altar and started catechism and evening prayer and exercises. The smoke was blinding and made the eyes smart most cruelly. Here he stayed until the feast of the Immaculate Conception, so dizzy at times that he could hardly stand up; yet if he went outside to get a little fresh air, he was in danger of freezing.

He organized a "camp", 'chiefs' were elected, 'captains' chosen to keep discipline and continue the teaching. Intelligent men were picked out to carry on the catechism. The day after he had appointed some strong men as 'watch-men' he went outside to get a little fresh air before Mass; he heard the howling of the medicine-man imitating owls, cayotes and other creatures. It was done with the intention of creating awe in the hearers and indeed it made shivers go down his spine as he heard it. The worst of it was that he did not know in which direction it came from; nor where the man was. People were all silent and afraid to show any displeasure. He returned to the keekwilee hole, where Mass was nearly prepared for, and said shortly that there would not be any Mass that day.

"Why?" they enquired anxiously.

"God cannot reign with the devil" he said. "Tamanaz (the medicine-man) is the devil; the priest represents God here. The two cannot be together. Where are the 'watch-men' elected only last night? Where is their promise to keep order?"

Two men stood up. "What is to be done to stop the medicine man?" he asked.

Without a word they went out, and in about ten minutes returned saying "Go on with Mass. They are tied up and have promised to keep quiet in future."

By now he was getting weak under the conditions of living and the food he had to eat, only rock and the Indian fare was his portion of course. He was glad when December 9th came and he was free to mount his horse and go on

his way. This was the same horse that his friend Chil-hit-sa had given him. He had recovered it from the last place when it had wandered away.

The cold was such, and the poor animal by now not being in the best condition, was hardly able to find its way. The steam coming out of its nose made a pile of ice and snow on its head. The father was still 'green' and had supposed that it could feed itself, and this was the reason that it had wandered away previously, and the animal had run down somewhat. However by going as hard as circumstances would permit they got to Coutely.

Here whites gathered around when they saw that he was a priest and asked if he were not frozen? "Why?" he asked. "Well people are frozen who wear furs" they replied, "and you are only clothed in common clothes". He was wearing the ordinary dress of the priest and the cloth was certainly very thin, and the overcoat was not of the heaviest by any means. All were very kind and he found that he had got a bad cold and had been half starved for the eight days that he had been in the keekwilee hole and now he was glad to profit by the hospitality which was generously given; saying Mass for the few people that were there, while he recuperated.

Not far from Coutely there was an Indian village, some 3 or 4 miles away, named Tchious, and he went there for awhile to see what could be done for them; But he quickly found out that it was a camp infested with medicine-men. However a comfortable home was provided and an altar erected; Mass said, and everything done as usual. Catechism was taught every day and all took a great interest in the book of Genesis and the Creation. He had a tableau to illustrate Heaven and Hell. The people enjoyed hearing about Heaven, but when he spoke about Hell, all said "ish...is...is...ish." (meaning 'marche...marche..') that is "be off...be off". For they said "He must have come from Hell himself to know so much about it!"

In the mornings when he rang his bell for Mass, there was a 'prophetess' living not far away from his house. She would blow a horn to summon people to her church. She had moreover some knowledge of Christianity and made use of it for her own ends. Her 'church' had an opening in the roof and through it she said the prayers went to Heaven and through it too the Holy Ghost would come down and Jesus would be incarnated. She had quite a little knowledge all right, but she did not get many to respond.

On the other hand the priests church would be filled quite full, not only with worshippers, but also with medicine-men, who wanted to know all that was going on. One of the chief Tamanaz would come close up to the altar at the moment of consecration, and study the movements very closely. As in the case of the other camps the young men became attached to him and would

seek his company. One of them told him that the chief of the camp was dying. He went to the hut where he was lying and found him surrounded by the medicine-men in full ceremonial dress, all going through their incantations. Paying no attention to them at all, he went to the sick man's side and felt his pulse. At once he saw that he had not much time to live. He called to the son, who was his friend, and said to him "Don't you love your father? Don't you want him to go to Heaven? He hasn't very long here now. Lose no time. You love me....I love you....and want your father to be happy for ever in Heaven."

The poor boy could not utter a word, but kept looking in a pitiful way, first at the priest, and then at the medicine-men. These had stopped their performances and had begun to talk amongst themselves, and to cause confusion. There was evidently no use in staying there any longer, and so he left the hut. A friend who was Chief of Coldwater, followed him right out and said that it was a good thing that he had left the hut, for all the medicine men had decided to kill him, and that was why they had stopped their incantations. The priest had not known this as he did not then understand the language.

There was not much hope in that camp. He baptized a few; encouraged others. Some hoped that he would return; and he left the camp.

He travelled alone, and in the dark not knowing the way. Wandering about vaguely, he saw a light in the woods and made for it. He found an old man, and asked if he might stay for the night, telling him that he was a priest. The man expressed himself as glad that he should do so, saying that he had left France forty years before, and had never seen a priest nor been to church in all that time, but had never neglected his nightly prayers. So they had a chat together, and the priest asked him to join in prayers in French, and then said that it would be wise to make his confession then and there.

The man demurred. It was too far back he urged. I will be ready for you the next time you come, he said. "But there may be no next time, reminded the priest. He might not be able to get that way again for a long while. "Don't delay." He took him by the hand and gently pressed him to his knees, and helped him to make his confession. In the morning he said Mass and gave the old man Communion and left him with the promise to call upon him as soon as he could get that way again. Not long afterwards the news of the death of the old man reached him.

He kept on travelling along the road looking in at different camps of Indians. All were more or less degraded. Some were Protestants; some were Pagans; more of the latter.

He kept on until he reached North Bend where he had some Catholic Indians, who received him affectionately. Here the church was made of boards standing upright, with cracks between the boards. Protestant Indians would come attracted by the ringing of the bell, and listening thro' the cracks, would follow the instructions and then ask to be allowed to come round, saying to the Catholic Indians "How fortunate you are in having someone to take such good care of you."

It was very cold there, and the food was frozen. Frozen chickens to eat, and the potatoes ran from the fork like marbles when put upon the table. The cold was terrific. He stayed there for six days and then started for Yale. The tracks were laid, but there were no trains running. He made his way down, under extraordinary difficulties, crossing trestle bridges covered with ice, where the planks were so far apart that it was necessary to move on hands and knees at times; passing through tunnels so damp that ice was hanging overhead, waiting for some disturbance to cause it to fall on the unwary traveller. In course of time he came to a camp of China men and it was dark and late; he was hungry and asked for food. But the Indians who were with him did not think that the place was safe because all began to smoke. Probably there would be opium in the smoke, and the result would be that they would fall asleep.....and in fact they must get out at once. So they did so, and kept on going until they reached the Indian camp at Spuzzum.

The Indians were all in bed when they arrived, but the guide said "Never mind, the priest is here." So they got up, and he was given a plank to lie down upon for the night, and dried salmon for supper. In the morning, when he got up, he did not know whether his bones were in place or not, he was so stiff.

Coming to Yale, the Indians that he knew were the first to meet him, and wanted him to go on to their own camp. The Indian village and the white men were close together, but separate. They gave him, not a plank this time, but a feather bed, and that broke him up altogether. However, this did not prevent him from saying Mass for the Indians first, and then for the white people in the big church used by Father Horris, who was in charge of the Construction Company's men. He had expected to see only a handful of men. To his surprise he found the church full, and even during the service people were coming in, and he could even hear the unaccustomed sound of the "frou-frou" of silk skirts.

In this big crowd he found the subject for his discourse right to his hand, and spoke of the love we should bear for our Mother. What would you think of a child who would be ashamed of his mother. Un-natural! He has no right to live! The Church is your Mother, and he went on to point out what the Church has done, and is doing to

in pointing to and providing eternal happiness in Heaven.

Mass over, the people flocked to the Sacristy to say that it was the best sermon they had ever heard. As he could still hardly speak English at the time, his opinion of the sincerity of the Yale people did not go up any higher. "Just shows how crazy the people are" said the father. Many of Onderdonk's office men, who were Catholics, invited him to their houses and wanted him to be acquainted with each other. Then he told them of his trip down, and how he had come from North Bend on foot, and all begged that he would not attempt it again..

From Yale he went to headquarters at Kamloops by way of Savona's Ferry, and resumed work with the white people to the east of Kamloops.

Just at this time Father Fay, who had replaced Father Lacombe in visiting the white people in the camps of the construction companies east of Kamloops, came to headquarters and urged that someone should be sent to take over the work amongst the white men working in the construction camps. In April 1885, just about this time, Fr. Fay materially helped in preserving order in a serious strike at Beaver Creek. Details of this strike are to be found in Sir S.B. Steele's "Forty Years in Canada". He now wished to go down to the coast, where he soon established himself, and he built a church of logs, on the site of which the present church of the Holy Rosary was afterwards erected. Here he said Mass for the first time on the first Sunday in October, 1885, the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

Father Coccola took charge of the line. There was a big gap in the construction at that time. There was no work done at all between Lytton and Eagle Pass, the track being pushed from each opposite end.

He went straight to Eagle Pass, and then began the work amongst the white men at work in the construction camps along the line, going from camp to camp.

1885 - 1886 - 1887.

The year of 1886 was spent with the construction camps along the 'line'. This work consisted in travelling from camp to camp and helping the men in every way possible. The district ran from Kamloops to Calgary; at the latter place Father Lacomb was stationed, and from him was learned a valuable lesson in self-discipline that proved of the utmost help in this work, and in all his other work too. He and Fr. Lacomb were in the oratory attached to the latter's place at Calgary saying, or rather, trying to say, their office; the whole time the bell was ringing, and Fr. Lacomb would stop, go out for a few minutes, return and go on with his office as if nothing had happened to interrupt him. This would occur time after time, and later on he questioned the father as to what was taking him away from his devotions so much. "Well," said Father Lacomb, "The last time it was a man who had just arrived here and did not know where to get work; so I gave him a little note to Mr. Blank, who will help him I know. Then sometimes they are people who are short of something...money generally...or want help..."

"Why, is that how you spend your time? Is that the work of a priest out here?"

What did you come for, said Father Lacomb, "Was it for your own comfort or to help others?"

Others came first with him every time.

Along the tracks he tramped, carrying his 'chapel' with him, as he called his bags containing the necessary articles for the celebration of the Mass. The foremen were all good to him; the contractors had arranged for him to be entertained in the offices, but he preferred to mix with the men. But all were not so well disposed of course. Visiting the construction hospitals; sent for in case of accidents; epidemics "mountain fever" as it was called was prevalent at times; such was the work in the main that he did.

There were no Chinese on his section, they were confined to that part of the line being made by Onderdonk, that is from Fort Moody to Lytton. Mr. Haney was the Construction Superintendent, and overlooked everything. He was a good friend.

Supplies came in by way of the Columbia River via Spokane, but when the boats were delayed, or out of order, then the workmen fared badly. There was then much grumbling and discontent. The foremen would send a couple of men from the camps to assist him in conveying his baggage from camp to camp, and on Saturdays a man would be detailed to erect an altar under the trees and make the necessary preparations. For on Sundays he would hold Mass in the open air, owing to the crowds, but on weekdays it would be said in a bunk-house or under cover somewhere in the smaller camps. Literature was a big item in the mat-

ter of transportation, as he made a practice of bringing reading matter to the men wherever he went. There were many Catholics among the men, most of them coming from the East, Quebec, New Brunswick, etc.

The biggest camp was probably that at Roger's Pass. There, there would be from 200 to 300 men on Sundays.

A good deal of sickness prevailed among the workers., but this was not spoken about much outside. There was a good deal of typhoid, and what was called 'mountain fever' and other epidemic diseases. There were doctors, of course, and they did all they could, but they could only be at one place at a time, and while they were being fetched or waited for, the priest could do much to alleviate the suffering as well as his own spiritual work. It therefore fell to his lot to do much nursing and looking after the comfort and needs of the men; there were of course no marriages, nor baptisms to perform, and considering the drink, there was very little trouble on the whole.

He would arrive in the evening at a camp. Probably the men would be sitting out of doors. They would divide into three groups at once. Those who he could see at a glance were pleased to see that he had come; those who were plainly indifferent; and those who were distinctly hostile. These latter showed it by using profane language in loud tones, trying to disgust him and get him to leave. His plan was to at once attach himself to the group that was most favourable to him, make friends with them, joke, laugh heartily, and generally make a good impression. In time the indifferent would join in the fun and then the hostile group would find themselves in a minority. Now this is never pleasant in camp and before long they too would either leave or join in too, and find that after all they could get along all right. Then they would try and make excuses for their previous conduct and say that they hoped that they had not shocked him and that he would overlook it.

He would reply that they were quite out of luck if they hoped to shock him; more likely he could teach them something, after being so long in construction camps; but he was sorry for them that they knew no better and had spent their time to so little advantage; he hoped they would get along together and forget all about it and try to profit by what he could tell them and be less ignorant in future.

After that they would all be good friends. The contractors put a bed for him in the office, and in the morning ask him where he had slept. They had expected him to be with them, and the bed had not been slept in. "No," said he, "I slept where I belong, with the men in the camp." The contractors warned him to be careful of his health, but he replied that he was not there for his own health, and that the work came first.

And so he stayed with the men. As evening wore on they would talk, and by degrees, he would suggest that they had talked enough about the things of this world, and that from their human relations they should turn to think of their Heavenly Father, and then they would have a prayer followed by an instruction. This would be short, but straight to the point. No beating about the bush, no stories, yarns, but just an appeal to their better nature. They were, for the most part, young men, not accustomed to be far from home, and they were ready to listen to a talk of Home, Father and Mother, and what a decent life meant to them. Then they would lie down on the planks for the night. They had cut down branches from the trees, but the leaves soon were off, and before long they were lying on bare boards and sticks for the most part; the men scratching themselves all night long, keeping the rest awake with their music.

Then at five o'clock in the morning, get up again say Mass and give Communion.

Letter writing, too, was a common task. Taking care of their cheques too; seeing that they were sent direct to the parents back East. Otherwise they would have passed into the hands of sharks, who were waiting to get hold of the money, in the form of gamblers and others. All payments were by cheque, and he would get the paper from them and send it right away to the home town for them.

He knew the engineers personally, of course, such as Mr. Cambie, Major Rogers and others. Mass would be said in the valley, while the construction work was going on on the hill side. The contractors and engineers along the line would look down upon the scene of the service being held on the lower ground, see the men there, and appreciate the influence of the Church over them.

It was his custom to spend two days in each camp, which allowed him to make the rounds in reasonable time. But he was often urged to stay longer in one place than another; not to talk, or preach; that was not asked for, since they knew what an extra strain that would put upon him. But just to be about among the men, and let them see him there, keeping up the standard of living, as it were and as a reminder of what their duty was, namely to try and lead a good life.

He had the task of teaching the children of both Macdonald and Mackenzie. The latter was afterwards well known as a member of the firm of Mackenzie & Mann. He was then building up a fortune for himself, and his partner, Maddonald, in constructing snow-sheds. These were paid for at a figure that was based on the assumption that the lumber contained therein would have to be cut at a mill, and hauled to the required position. However, the men whom he employed were highly skilled, and it came about that the firm were able, in nearly all cases, to build the snow-sheds right there on the spot, and so save a very considerable sum of money, thus laying the foundations of his subsequent

large fortune. He was not a Catholic, but his wife was and the children were brought up by the priests.

The influence of the priest was also felt in the strikes that occasionally took place or were threatened, when they helped to keep the men from going to excess. The men were treated fairly well on the whole; much depended upon the foreman and those in charge. Today, we should not think much of the wages or treatment, probably, but for those days things were not so bad. Money was scarce in the East; the wages paid by the construction companies, though not large, was real money and a great help to the struggling farmer, and many men came out west to get work for the sake of the few extra dollars. They were entirely dependant upon the contractors, however, and had to purchase all their supplies from the companies store, paying with tokens, which would be redeemed on pay-day. They were for the most part illiterate men, and had to trust to the honesty of those in charge that they would not cheat them.

Then when pay-day came round, sometimes they found that their pay cheque was almost swallowed up by the charges against them, and they were unable to tell if they really had had all that they were charged with, or to check the account up in any way, nor if they were being charged a fair price for what they had had. So sometimes there was much ill-feeling, which occasionally developed into a strike.

One such case was that at Donald, the companies Head-Quarters, west of the Rockies, that is, of the Western Lines.

Another was that at Golden. The company Paymaster was accustomed to pay by cheque with a pair of guns lying on that table by his hand, which did not tend to promote feelings of trust and confidence on the part of the men. When the strike came, it was feared that the strikers would set fire to Donald, the place of importance in those days. Golden was only a small affair, then. The station at Donald was just being started at the time we are speaking of and there was plenty of material for a fire. Moreover there was danger to be feared, in that a number of cars of gravel had been brought on to the track, and there was no one to remove them, and a train was expected to arrive. Delay certainly, an accident probably, would ensue unless something were done soon. Here the influence of the priest came into practical play, which the company much appreciated. He spoke to the man, and urged them to adopt constitutional means to obtain redress. Employ a lawyer to fight your cause for you, he said. Don't spoil everything by violence. It was objected that the company had bought up all the lawyers and there was no use in employing a man who would only sell their cause to the enemy.

"Well, work until you have enough money to

quit such a contractor, (for it was the contractor that was the offender that has been referred to here) or at least work until you are entitled to a pass, and so get away at the contractor's expense. And after such talks with him the men would resume their work singing, and the officials were wont to say that they would prefer to have a priest with them than a general of an army. All the officials were good to him, said he. All the Protestants were good to him too. They appreciated the work that the Church did, and the help that he gave to the company.

Young men never having left home before were very apt to suffer much from nostalgia. They were homesick and unable to work. They would come to the table and sit there with their heads on their hands, unable to eat. He would exhort them, "See what a little more there is to do, and then what famous men you will all be. There back east are the parents waiting to hear that the line is finished and the new country opened up; it will be your work; they will be proud of you. Cheer up, you will all be fine men. As for me, I am a missionary. I cannot go and do these fine things. I am here for life. Yet I am happy, and so should you be."

They would cheer up for a few days, and then relapse back again; then he would take them in hand again.

After it was all over, they begged him to go back east with them, Protestants though many of them were. "Come back east with us and see my parents. They all know you already, they have heard so much of you in our letters, but they want to see you for themselves and thank you too."

But his reply was the same as ever. "I am a missionary, under orders, and cannot go where I will, unless sent. It is not for me to say where I shall go, and I am wanted here."

1886 - 87.

In the winter when the men were looking for the proper places for the snow sheds along the line the line was blocked with snow. The priest was living with the men in cars on the track, sharing a double car with the telegraph operator. During the night he would hear the most fearful noises and wonder what was happening. It was of course the avalanches falling around and on account of the danger, the men at first would not tell him what the cause was, saying that he would find out in time.

After a while Mr. Van Horne came up in a special car and the road was cleared to allow him to pass on his way down to the coast. This enabled the priest to get out of the mountains too as far as Kamloops. Shortly after the telegraph operator had vacated the car, it was struck in the night and flung about 30 feet away.

Between the trips, Father Coccola found time to visit the Indians of the Enderby district. Here he met Mr. Alex Fortune so well known and so well liked. Mr. Fortune was one of the men who made the famous 'overland' trip from Winnipeg to British Columbia in 1862. He was a small boy at that time; the trip was a tremendous undertaking in those days and has been written about many times. It was at the conclusion of this trip that Mrs. Schubert, the first white woman to cross the Rocky Mountains, gave birth to the first white girl to be born on the mainland, in the person of the present Mrs. Swanson. Mr. and Mrs. Fortune, though Presbyterians, were of the greatest help to the earlier priests and were always wanting to do good. The occasion of their meeting with Fr. Coccola was when he was nearly perishing from cold. His fire had gone out and he had no means of renewing it. Almost frozen he made his way to the house of Mr. Fortune, who urged him to make their house his headquarters when visiting that way again.

He went out to that part of B. C. to collect children, either white or half-breed; (the pure Indian did not go to school in those days) for the school at Kamloops. On one trip he took five of them in his sleigh from Cherry Creek. While in Priest Valley, where the town of Vernon is today, he got lost and found his way to Cherry Creek and there discovered several families of Catholics; two brothers named Bessette, he remembers especially well. After a while he got back to Kamloops and resumed the round of Missions.

While construction of the line was going on the priests had no opposition; they had a free hand. But when the first trains were begun, that is when coaches were attached to the work trains, Protestants' ministers began to collect for their churches in different places. One day the train stopped at Griffin Lake. There was only one coach. He saw two ministers and two ladies collecting money from the men at the stopping place. When all were called on board they got in and one of the ministers came and sat by the side of Fr. Coccola. He asked if that were his name. "Yes," said the father, "that is what is left of it." It is a grief to the father that the English tongue cannot pronounce the name as it is pronounced in his native Corsica. The change, slight though it may appear to English ears, makes a difference in the meaning, the 'eagle's eyrie' as it indicates, or 'outlook place' loses some of its significance when pronounced as the man in the street pronounces it.

"Well, I am glad to meet you" said the minister, "I have heard so much about you and the good that you have done among the construction men when they were sick. Small-pox or any other epidemic made no difference to you I am told, and you go and work among them without fear."

He replied that he was a young man and that it was very kind of an older man to try and encourage a younger one, but that he had only done what another priest in the same place would have done as a matter of course. "Not everyone has the same aptitude and disposition" said the minister. "Some can do their duty and enjoy doing it. But wherever you go, you can see the Catholic priest at the head of civilization. There is only one remark that I would like to make, and that is that it is too bad that Catholic priests don't marry. When I was single, I was shy and diffident when with the ladies, but after marriage I found all the doors open to me."

"Is that all you have to say on this subject?" asked the priest.

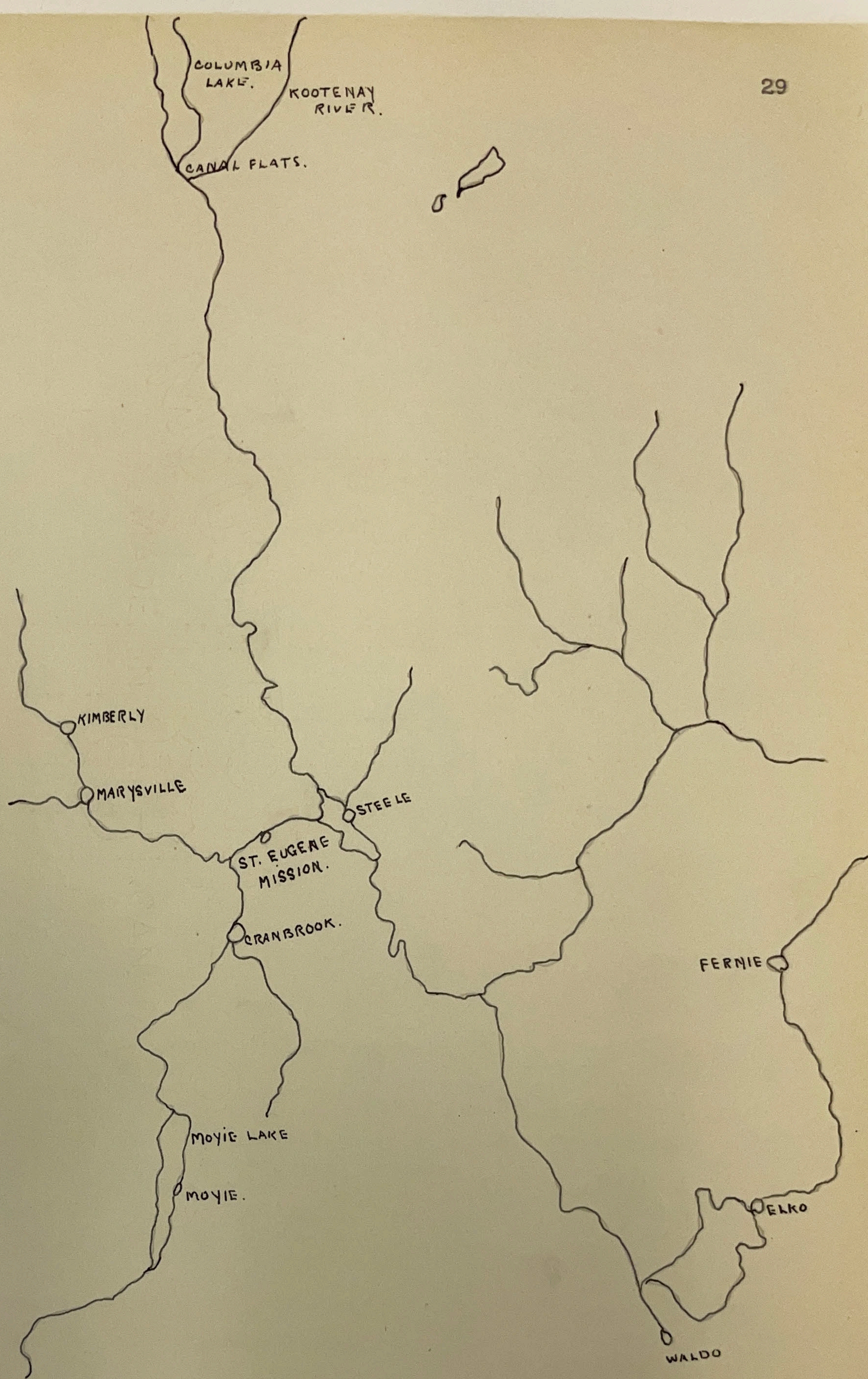
"Yes, it is only meant as a way of passing the time, there is no offence meant."

"Then to pass the time, I will remind you that Napoleon said that the best generals were those who were unmarried. Those who were married, when they heard the bugle call them for the march, thought 'Who will take care of my wife and little ones when I am gone?' Napoleon would remark it and perceive also that those who were unmarried would respond joyfully to the call of the bugle, and would lead their men on to victory. 'Yes,' he would say, 'The best generals are the unmarried men.' But now I see your point," the priest continued, "You mean to say that a man cannot live without the company of a woman. But what is hard for man and for human nature, is by no means impossible to God. You have just now praised me for being in the mountains and accomplishing so much good among the sick. Had I been married, how could I have done it? Bringing germs of sickness to my home and family! And yet my duty is where sickness is. No, one or the other would have to be left behind. Either the home or the work. But listen....If a man has not got a habit, he does not miss it. If a man does not smoke, he does not care about it. But a man who smokes and forgets his pipe when away from home he may be tempted to take that of his friend."

There the conversation ended.

IN THE KOOTENAYS.III.

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In the fall of 1887 Bishop D'Herbomez called him to go to the Kootenay district, at that time the least known of all the missionary parts of B. C., and was thought of as a Siberia or land of exile. Here Father Fouquet was working, and had done a great work, but was beginning to feel, and not without good reason, that the time had come for a change. His advancing years and poor health gave him to understand that he could not control the Kootenays when on the war-path as well as of yore. There was trouble brewing. 100 men of the R.C.M.P. under Supt. Steele had been sent to Galbraith's Ferry.

On calling the father to him at Kamloops from the railroad camps where he was visiting, the Bishop gave him the letter of obedience sending him to the Kootenays. As he read it the Bishop watched him to see how he would take it. He told the Bishop however that if he were sent, it was his duty to go, and that he would go wherever he might be sent. He was told that he must go as soon as possible.

"Will tomorrow be soon enough?" he asked.

The Bishop laughed, saying that he wanted him to be with him for a few days. Two were to go. Fr. Baudre, the senior, came up from New Westminster and the two started for Golden. On arriving there they found that the Columbia river was closed, for the season of travelling was over. Horses could not be procured, and there was no one to take them to their destination. For four days they tried to find a way. At last some Indians from the Columbia Lakes, who had come down to sell their furs, said that they would be willing to take them up, but the trail was very bad and there was only one spare horse.

A wire to the Bishop informed him of the situation brought back a reply that Fr. Baudre (who was an old man) was to return to Kamloops, and that Fr. Coccola was to proceed as best he could.

Fr. Baudre was rather "mad" thinking that he was being got rid of, but as the orders came from the Bishop himself, there was nothing to do but to obey, and he returned to Kamloops.

Fr. Coccola then proceeded to make his way to his destination, which was to be St. Eugene. The arrangement that he made was that the Indians, who were Shuswaps, should accompany him for the first half of the journey, that is as far as Windermere, or Columbia Lake; the Kootenays taking him on from that point.

Now the Shuswaps were a peaceful tribe, and in consequence were a good deal despised by the fierce, war-like Kootenays, and the former tried to persuade him not to carry out his orders which were to get among the latter tribe as soon as possible, as try to do what he could towards pacifying the enraged people, who were out on the war-path.

When he was at Windermere, he lingered among the Shuswaps, giving them the Sacraments, preaching and teaching. The weather was very cold, it was the fall, about October, and the Shuswaps were reluctant to let him go. The one day the Mounted Police came in with a wire from the Bishop telling him to get to St. Eugene as fast as possible.

Here it would be well to explain how it came about that the Mounted Police were in British Columbia at all. They were well acquainted with Fr. Coccola since they had had the task of policing the railroad construction work through the Rocky Mountains from the start. They had had experience of the influence of the Catholic priests, both in the case of himself and with Father Fay, especially amongst the men of the Catholic faith. The fact that he was being sent to the Kootenays at this time was hailed as a good sign that an amicable settlement would be reached more speedily than would otherwise have been the case. The Police had told the settlers that a man was coming who had great influence both with Indians and Whites, and they were all on the look out to see what sort of a man he might be. For the land was settled already, from Golden to Galbraith's Landing, though but sparsely. After the finish of the railroad construction, the Police returned to the plains, but in June 1887 Supt. Steele was ordered to take a detachment of men to B. C. to restore order in the Kootenay district. Arriving at Golden June 28, they went to Six Mile Creek, and thence to Fenwick's Flat, and finally built a camp by the permission of Mr. Galbraith, who made the charge of \$1. for a lease, on a point of land, in the angle formed by the confluence of the Wild Horse Creek and the Kootenay. Here they remained for over 12 months, during which time they came in contact with Fr. Coccola as the following pages will show. An account of this expedition is given, and acknowledgement paid to Fr. Coccola, in the book, "Forty Years in Canada" by Col. S. B. Steele.

He now began to continue his journey to St. Eugene. The Shuswaps at once painted a gloomy picture of the kind of men amongst whom he was about to live. He could not help it. Orders had come and he had to obey them. Then they refused to help him to start. The Kootenays were not to be seen; this was not their country, but that of a tribe whom they despised. He had to make a start, alone, and on foot. The Shuswaps saw him go. They raced after him. "Are you crazy?" they said. "If you must go, at least take a horse." He agreed, and as a horse was being got ready for him, a band of Kootenays dashed up in full war-paint. This consisted of a variegated blanket, painted face and hair frizzed out, full of wire and other ornaments.

As they dashed up, they suddenly stopped, gazed for a moment at the Priest, wheeled round, and dashed away as suddenly as they had come.

"See" said the Shuswaps, "See, what sort of men you are going to be with."

But he stood firm, and went on his way. In time he reached the cabin of a half-breed, named Baptiste Morijeau, where the Kootenays met him, and proved to be very much better fellows than the more timid Shuswaps had pictured them to be. They escorted him to his destination at St. Eugene, where he was destined to be for the next twenty years.

One reason why the Kootenays were so war-like, the father thinks, is that they were always on the watch for the enemies, the Blackfeet Indians from the prairies, which meant that they had always to be in fighting trim and therefore were prepared to tackle an enemy at a moment's notice. This again meant that they were rather anxious to fight than the reverse, and so developed a war-like character.

The inter-tribal feud between the Kootenays and the Blackfeet, was not merely due to love of fighting. There was another reason. The Kootenays were in the habit of going every Fall on a buffalo hunt, by what we now call the Crows Nest Pass, and that was when they made their provision of meat for the whole winter, mixing it with their deer meat for a change of diet. The Blackfeet did not see them with a good eye, taking their horses away and giving them all kinds of trouble, and they had many encounters with the Kootenays. But the latter, used to the mountains, were more swift in their movements than the Blackfeet were, and the saying was, that they could take five Blackfeet for one Kootenay. One proof of this is as follows:

Joseph Nanna (that is "small" or "diminutive") lost one of his horses. Looking round, he located it in a band belonging to the Blackfeet. He knew then that they had stolen his horse, and went to the nearest camp and demanded that they return it to him. They only laughed at him. Then he told them that if they did not return it to him they would be sorry for it. However he could not get any satisfaction from them, so he went to the band of horses, lassoed one of them, jumped on him, and drove the whole band away. When the Blackfeet saw him pass by with the whole band, they began to fire at him, but he was going very fast, and was not touched by the bullets. When he found himself at the proper distance, and as the Blackfeet were on foot, and he had his gun with him, he began to fight in turn, and to return their fire, forcing them to retreat.

So he returned to his camp, not only with his own horse, but also with the horses of the whole band.

AT ST. EUGENE.

Father Fouquet was at St. Eugene to greet his successor. He had done a great work amongst the Indians, but like everyone else had come to the age when he was beginning to feel that the work was growing rather too hard for him, and that a change to the more settled districts on the coast would be better for him. The Indians were getting out of hand, and too familiar, and he was becoming a little afraid of them, and not without good cause.

Col. Steele writes:

"The duty for which we were detailed was to restore order amongst the Indians of the Kootenay district, then almost inaccessible, there being no way in during the winter, except on snowshoes, and during the summer only by pack trail. The settlers in the district were very few in number and uneasy on account of Chief Isadore, of the Kootenay tribe, having, with part of his band, broken open the gaol at Wild Horse Creek, an old mining camp, and released Kapula, one of their men who had been arrested, charged with murder, in 1884, of two white placer miners at Deadman's Creek on the White Horse-Golden Trail. Isadore then ordered Provincial Constable Anderson, who made the arrest, and the Hon. F. Aylmer out of the district, forbidding them to return. The latter was a prominent engineer and land surveyor, who had been at work in pursuit of his profession." (p. 102)

So there was some reason for Fr. Fouquet to feel apprehensive.

Fr. Coccola says that Chief Isadore was a good Christian, but very full of his authority and influenced by his own "crowd". He had asked for the boys to be set free, saying that there was no proof of crime, (as was afterwards agreed, when the men were set free finally) and that the police had no authority to put them in gaol without asking him, as Chief of the tribe. It was a provincial constable that had done this, and he objected. The Indians also saw 'with a bad eye' the country being invaded by the whites. Refusal to let the boys go, and the numbers of surveyors coming into the country, exasperated the Indians, and at the head of thirty men, the Chief armed from head to foot, went to the gaol and liberated the men.

On the arrival of Fr. Coccola, he was shown round the place by Fr. Fouquet. The Indians were standing in different corners idly, and he began to 'chaff' them, saying "Why don't you go to work? Have you nothing at all to do?"

Fr. Fouquet would deprecate this, saying "Don't be so rough with them."

There was another trouble also.

Colonel Baker had bought St. Josephs Prairie where Cranbrook now stands, from John Galbraith. There

was a spot there on the prairie which was always free from mosquitoes, however bad they might be anywhere else. The Indians would flock here and enjoy the release from the nuisance, for two months in the summer.

Col. Baker wanted first class stock on his ranch, and therefore wanted to fence in the whole place: and asked the Indians to move away from that spot. This was another cause of insurrection, and it was by the influence of Col. Baker that the Mounted Police had come.

Father Fouquet had left: Father Coccola began his work. He became acquainted with all the Indians and was giving one Sunday to the Indians at St. Eugene, at the Indian Church there, and one Sunday to the Barracks, to the soldiers at Galbraiths Ferry, about nine miles apart.

The officers and men too would come to the Indian camp, to visit him, and the natives did not like to see him so friendly with the police. But he paid no heed at all, and started to prepare the children for their First Communion.

It must be noted here that the priest began to handle the Indians with a strong hand from the start, in church, and out of church. It was entirely against their inclinations for they did not want a ruler. Not knowing how to shake off the yoke, they went to the white men, hoping to hear a word that would help them in some way to get emancipated. They asked, "What do you think of the new priest that has come here, into the country?" White men, knowing the position of the Indians, and that they wanted to rid the country of the "Pale face", trembling in their boots, looking to the priest for protection rather than the mounted police, said: "You have a great man amongst you, and if you listen to him your camp will improve." And the white man in turn asked, "What do you think, yourselves, of him?" The Indians said, "No good! He plunges his hand into our hearts. He twists them. He tears them out. Looks at them, and says 'No good', and throws our hearts away; like as he was throwing us, ourselves away." But they would keep in mind what the white man had said to them.

Fr. Coccola landed in the Kootenays in October, and spent the winter in this manner, and it must have been about May or June, perhaps at Corpus Christi, that the "First Communions" of the children took place, with great display. 1888. On that occasion he built a large 'Hall' of branches near the church, here all assembled, and the children could sit down to breakfast, with their parents assisting. The Father had breakfast with them, and after the children had got through eating, there was a lot of meat left over. Beef had been specially killed and prepared for the feast and there was plenty. So the children were moved from the tables, and he called to those present to sit down, and the Chief presided.

"Is not this a happy day?" he asked. And all agreed. "Every day of our lives ought to be like this, for we are all Christians, and God will provide, so long as we are faithful to him, and the presence of the police should not disturb your minds. They are here to keep order;... to protect you against the white people, and at the same time against some of the bad Indians. So you see they are here for the good of you all, Whites and Indians alike."

Then the Chief, growling like a grizzly bear, and looking as sour as possible, said, "You speak that way because you are the Major's friend."

Father Coccola got up, struck the table with his fist so that the dishes danced and rang again, and cried "Sure the Major is my friend. Everybody is my friend. You call me Father; the Police call me Father....should not a Father love all his children alike. Do you mean to say that I love the Police more than I love you? Look at me! When I go to the barracks I give orders to take care of my horse. It is groomed, fed,I have nothing to think about except to have a little good time. I want to leave the barracks....I raise my finger, and the horse is brought to me, saddled and all ready for me to depart.

Here, with you, you call me if your father or mother are sick....I have to find my horse....feed him, water him....saddle him and go for your sick call. That over, back again, and do the same work for my horse. No one to do it for me. Yet do I live with the Police, or do I live with you? Whom do I love best?"

This said in public had a great effect. The words could not be distorted. All had heard him for themselves.

So the whole matter ended there, though the Indians did not like to see him go to the Barracks every second Sunday.

Meanwhile visiting all the camps around the country side, kept him busy, from the Indians of Mootenay Lake to those of the Tobacco Plains, of Montana.

Trouble was not all over yet by any means though. One day when at St. Eugene, some Indians came to him and one said, "You have to leave the country, and get out."

"No, I am here to stay."

"Don't you know that we ordered the constable and surveyors to get out and they had to do it."

"Yes, but that is different. White people are here in the country for their own sakes...to trap...to make money... and so when they could not trap, nor make money and their skins were in danger, they had to leave. But for myself, I am in the country for YOUR sakes. If you are to be happy in life and are to deserve the Eternal happiness

of Heaven, you see that I cannot leave the country."

"We can kill you."

The priest opened his coat and bade them fire. It is better to be dead, he said, 'than to live with dogs like you! I give a bone to a dog, and he licks my hand. I work and take care of your children, and yourself and you don't appreciate it. Fire on! Know that nobody can hurt me, and I am not afraid. I am only afraid of the One Above. HE can do what HE wills....no one else..."

Whether the Indian on account of superstition, thought that the priest was invulnerable, and that the bullets would have no effect, the fact remains that the man ran away from the house, and went outside to the people and said, "We can do nothing with that man. He is too strong for us. They had opportunity on his travels to see what a good shot he was; and that he was an old soldier who had fought many battles: he would have plenty of time to kill every one of them, before they could kill him. The white men all love him. The Indians tremble before him. God gives him what he asks for....What can we do but also subject ourselves before him and keep quiet."

So things went on more quietly for a while, until Major Steele, at the instigation of Col. Baker wanted them to abandon the place on the St. Joseph's Prairie.

According to the plan they made, a location was to be found on the banks of the Kootenay River, water would be found for irrigation on the spot, and the Indians would have the right to pick out any white man they chose, and he would estimate the value of the spot they were asked to abandon, and then cash would be handed to the Indians, if they would consent to take over the place arranged for them.

May 24, 1888 Major Steele sent a man over to the Father while he was at dinner, with a note. He looked at the contents and read, "Come and give me a hand to speak to the Indians."

He said, "No, it is unnecessary. Do your work and if you have any difficulty, then come again."

The messenger was not long away. Soon he returned. "The Chief says that he will die first, and would rather die of a bullet, than die of starvation. Are the White men going to drive the Indians out? Never!! They would fight to the last."

The Indians had gathered ammunition from all around. From Montana, from Idaho, from everywhere. Word was sent around to the Flatheads, Idaho Indians, to meet at signals given. They were to set fire to the Barracks in the night, and to kill all the white men in the country.

An old man, at the risk of his life, was keeping Father Coccoia informed of all that was going on. He was grieved to see the way that things were going.

The priest now told his assistant, Father Richard, to accompany him, to hear what was said, and to be a witness, lest his words might be later distorted and misrepresented, as had happened to Father Pandosy in the States, at Yakima.

Arrived at the Chiefs house, they found him in a corner.

"You have heard what the Major said, by means of the papers that I have in my hand," said the priest. He answered as he had done to the messenger, who was also present now, "that he would rather die of a bullet than of starvation."

"But there is no question of starvation for either you or your people. Listen well and try to find out the contents of the papers. If you consent to part with this little piece of land, you can pick out experts of your own from amongst the white people, who are your friends, and who will estimate the value of the improvements, and you will be paid cash, and then also you will have a beautiful piece of land, about a mile square, on the banks of the Kootenay River. Water will be brought into the place by a ditch at the expense of the Government. For my part, if the Church were not here, and I did not have my home here, I would go and locate there, as it is the best piece of land in the country."

But, said the Chief, Who are my friends amongst the Whites? I have no friends.

"You know that you have friends, good Catholic friends who sympathise with you. Friends of the Mission. Friends of yourselves. Now listen...If you don't consent to these proposals contained in these papers, then there will be bloodshed. It will mean the extermination of your people....You know something of the strength of the white man. You see the hundred men of the Mounted Police, and you know that there are thousands more behind them. You will be responsible for the destruction of your people before God and before man."

With anxiety the answer of the proud, stubborn and powerful old man was awaited.

Quietly he answered, "Who can resist you? What you say shall be done."

It was over. Turning to the messenger, the priest said, "Report now".

The relief of everyone, soldiers, police, and white settlers alike, was great. The estimates of the land were brought up at once, and resulted in quite a lot of money being brought into the hands of the Indians. Work was begun on

irrigation ditch for the new piece of land, and then the Major ordered a great feast on the big flats, known as Butchart's Flats, where the races were held, about half way between St. Eugene and Fort Steele, and some four miles from each place.

Races were held in which the Mounted Police and Indians, and any white men who cared to enter, competed. Sports were arranged, in which, whether through diplomacy or not, most of the prizes were won by the Indians.

Then began the exodus of the Mounted Police, by way of the Crows Nest. At this time Father Coccola wrote to the government asking for funds for building and maintaining a school, assuring them that the Indians would give no more trouble.

THE ST. EUGENE. KOOTENAY SCHOOL.

The feeling of the Indians towards the school. The hatred of the Indians towards the whites was not entirely out of their minds and hearts. The same old man who kept me informed about the plans in regard to the barracks, told me also with what eyes they looked at the building of the school. No one was to trust their children in the hands of the white men or women.

The Priest was not a white man for them, but a being made to order by God. One day the men raised the question, "Where is the white man coming from, Heaven or Hell. Then began to pass in review the white men with whom they had come in contact. Few there were who by their conduct could claim God for their Father, or Heaven for their country. When the time came to give their verdict, one of them asked, "What is the Priest?" There was no answer. "Is he a White or an Indian?" "White," someone said, "And why is he a Priest?" "Because he had good parents, who taught him the ways of God and inspired him to become a priest."

"So there must be some good white men somewhere." My old man kept on telling me that it was a waste of time and money to go on with the school buildings. I thanked him for the information, but kept on with the construction.

The devoted Sisters of Providence accepted the charge of the school, and six Sisters came before we had beds and bedding. Animated with true missionary spirit they slept on the straw, until the necessary furniture came in. When the school was fitted up, I sent my best messenger to the Shuswap and Columbia Lake Kootenays, with orders to send up to the Mission such and such boys and girls. All those who were called, had arrived at St. Eugene on the Saturday evening.. On Sunday

after Mass, he told the people that the school was now ready but not large enough for all the children of the tribe, so that the first coming in would be received, and the rest would have to wait, may be for a long time, and the parents who loved their children and wanted them to be good, should right after leaving the church, march to the school, only a few yards distant. The children from the outside camps who had arrived the day before were lined up to open the march and many of the Mission camp followed them, marching into the school. The parents followed them but after the children were inside the doors were shut and the parents were told to go home. Not knowing what to think or say, they left the school ground and the birds were in the cage, almost without knowing how.

If it had not been for the tact, kindness and energy of the Sisters, the birds would not have remained in very long. But the staff was all that could be desired although it was, so he believed, the first time that any of the Sisters had worked amongst the Indians at all. Yet they knew how to handle them, and discipline was established from the start, which made the Indian Department say that the St. Eugene school was a success from the commencement, never giving any trouble. The Kootenay children, being bright, advanced very quickly in their studies, and many of the visitors expressed their surprise when seeing the progress that was made in the class room.

It was not the same with manual work. When the boys would come to work in the garden, they did not take any interest in it; for according to the Kootenay idea man should not humble himself to dig or plough. The gun was the toy for boys and the tool for men, the rest was left for women. At first they would reproach the priest when they saw him working in the fields but as soon as they began to taste the potatoes grown upon the farm, and saw the flour coming from their own mill, when they had one, they began to take an interest in farming, and in course of time plows, mowers, hay presses, binders, etc. became objects of interest and ambition to the young men and they were ordering these farm implements from the priest, which they would pay for by instalments.

THE MILL.

The little mill proved a great boon to the community, especially in the year of 1894, when the bridges were all carried away, and the river so swollen that no communication was possible with Golden, the base of supply.

White people would bring their wheat and it would be ground for them, the payment being by keeping the bran, with which the pigs were fed, and so a supply of bacon was maintained all the year round, besides fat pork which could be sold to the miners. But the greatest advantage came to the school. The Sisters came to Father

Coccola and said "We have no flour." He told them to go to the store and buy what they needed. But after a while they returned and said the storeman had said that he had no more flour in the store. "What ever will we do?" cried the Sisters. Then the door of the private store in the mill was opened and the Sisters were told to help themselves. The room was full.

In those times of high water the only way to cross the big rivers was to remove the clothes, put them in a bundle on the back of the neck and get on horseback. The horse would go with the current but progressing slowly towards the opposite side. As it was melting snow from the mountains the cold was bitter. There came a time when his heart almost ceased to beat and the Indians watched to see if he was alright and when he admitted that he was about to drop, they held him by the arms, while still on horseback and kept him in position until the bank was reached. One may imagine the sensation when landed on the opposite shore, circulation restored and the danger past.

Peace being now established, development of the country went on ahead. A school, was started and some improvements made to the church, which was only a log cabin at first, without any ceiling at all except a piece of cotton. To this a steeple was built and a nice bell put therein. Land was cleared and fruit trees planted, the first in the Kootenay district.

Some of the whites laughed at him saying, "he was spending money on the ground that ought to be spent in buying grub."

The Indians were coming in from all around the Kootenays, some only twice, others three times a year. The Church was getting pretty crowded, and besides it was so poor a building that everyone knew that that it ought to be replaced by a better one.

Industry was picking up in the Kootenays. The "Perry Creek" gold diggings attracted a few miners, as the "White Horse" diggings had done 40 years before.

Then the "North Star" mine was located; in this way.

Three partners followed the St. Mary's River, where a few days previously some women had found a lump of galena. They were in search of berries, but the shining rock attracted their eyes, and one of them put it in her basket. Soon however they found their berries, much

more valuable to them than any shining rock, and it was promptly thrown away, falling on to the path where soon afterwards it was picked up by a prospector, Bourgeois by name.

The country was in consequence scoured, and the "North Star" located. A few years later it was sold to Dan Mann, of the firm of Mackenzie & Mann.

The result of these discoveries induced the priest to speak to the Indians.

"This is your country," said he, "You ought to know it in every spot. Yet so far you have not located a mine! You see how badly we need a new church. But I cannot do everything myself. I have to visit the camps scattered around. I have to attend to your children when they are sick, and train them when in health. It is your duty to do something to develop your country. See what you are good for!"

A month after that conversation, an Indian came to his house, whose name was "Chik' min Peter". This man was the same who before had tried to drive him out of the district under threats of death. The name Chik' min, means "metal" in Chinook, and was given to him in consequence of the following discovery.

Coming to the priest's house he threw a lump of galena on the floor, about the size of a goose egg. Indian fashion he said nothing, but stood watching him.

"Well, where did you get that?"

"Well, you are always saying that the Indians are good for nothing. What are you good for? We shall see."

"But I want to know where you got this. Was it on the top of a mountain? or at the foot of a mountain? Was it far away? Was it close here?"

But the answer was always the same.

"What are you good for? Come and see."

The following day the expert sent by Dan Mann to look at the North Star mine called at the house for something to eat. The Mission was "open house" for all, and every one was welcome.

He was shown the piece of ore.

"Can I have a piece of this?" he asked.

"All right."

"I will have it assayed and let you have the returns."

"That is what I want."

So the man went away, and as the ore was most likely a "float", not connected with any seam that could be

located, the incident was forgotten.

But some two weeks later a letter came from the expert, saying nothing at all about the returns, but asking whether the property was in the market for sale.

That was enough for Father Coccola. He knew then that the returns were 'worth while'. He determined to take out a miner's license at Fort Steele, and while there, who should he meet but James Cronin. He had met him before at Nelson, after he had lost all his property in the "Coeur d'Allene" mines, through a series of strikes. He was in Nelson looking after some mining interests that he had there.

He promptly asked him "What are you doing here so far from home?"

"Nothing to do and I wanted to see what you were up to."

Cronin was a man whose words gave little away and one could seldom get much information out of him.

"Myself, being more free in my speech" said Father Coccola, "and being asked in turn where I was going, said that I was about to get a Miner's License."

"What are you also a victim of the gold fever" asked Cronin in surprise.

"I don't know, but I like to do as everyone else does and make myself useful in developing the country."

It was Saturday night, and he told Cronin to come over to the Mission so that he would not miss Mass. It was only seven miles away. Cronin hesitated, saying that he would be over in the morning. The priest overruled him, telling him that he would oversleep himself. So in the end he went out and was at once shown the ore. The questions that he asked about it, where it came from and the like, could not be answered.

"Wait till Monday" he was told, "and then we will go together."

Cronin had already been at the North Star with the intention of buying it, as he was representing big capital from the American side. But as the mine was a 'pocket' mine (a miner will understand the term) and the manager knew that Cronin was an expert, he felt that if he were allowed to go over the property, the mine would probably get a 'black name' and lose much of its value.

So Cronin found himself much disgusted with the concern and was only too ready to accept an offer and to go where the Indian declared that he had found the ore.

But he said to the Father:

"Now that people have seen you buying

a miner's license remember the saying is that 'Father Coccola does not move for little things' so there must be something of importance in hand! men are already posted on the trail to see what direction we are going to take. We must be off very early in the morning before anyone can see us."

So they were early. Yet already men were on the trail.

"Good morning Father."

"Good morning, gentlemen."

"This is rather early for you to be on the trail, Father."

"There is a party that must be on ahead of us. Have you seen them pass by?"

"No. No one has passed by this morning."

"Then excuse me; I must keep moving so that I can get to Bonnor's Ferry" (at the Boundary line) and so 'gave heels' to his horse and went on quickly, followed by Cronin and Peter.

When they came to a dry creek, on Moyie Lake, Peter said, "Let us take the creek here, no one can see our tracks."

So they went in close to the foot of the mountain, hiding their horses where no one could see them, had something to eat and began their climb.

About two miles away Peter brought their attention to a rock slide. When they saw the slide all their confidence vanished, for almost certainly the ore was a 'floating' piece, which might have come from anywhere. "It was here that I found it" was all that the Indian could say.

So Cronin and the Father began to search around, and to study the country, with the result that a vein, about a foot wide, but extensive on the hill side was found. Cronin and he looked at one another, each expecting the other to give vent to admiration. Fr. Coccola would not commit himself to what was in his mind. He waited to hear Cronin's opinion.

"What do you think of it?" said Cronin.

"Oh, I am not a miner, you are. What do you think of it?"

The reply was that if they got 40% of their ore out of the rock they had a good proposition.

They remained there another day to explore the country and found the veins extending in different directions.

What of the miners behind their party, who were watching for them so anxiously?

They kept on going until they met a party of surveyors who were locating the Crows Nest Railway. They asked them if they had seen anything of Father Coccola to which they replied, "No."

"Well we will catch him by and by" they said.

That put the surveyors on the watch. They saw the smoke of the fire that night and the day after they too went to prospect for themselves.

In the meanwhile Father Coccola's party had filed five claims at the Commissioners Office at Fort Steele.

When they came back a few days later the whole countryside was staked.

The mine was sold later under the name of the "ST. EUGENE." # Peter had a beautiful house built for him, stock for his farm provided; and also a Church was erected out of the profits, which was the object of admiration to all and was visited from far and wide.

The Crows Nest Railway was built, passing at the foot of the St. Eugene mine. The C.P.R. had an interest in the mine, so they arranged the line so that they could take the ore to the smelter at Trail.

But before they had decided on this line the Company had offered to Father Coccola that they should build a smelter on the banks of the St. Mary's river, close to the Mission. Had he consented, the line would have been built close to their doors.

He replied, however, that they were in the country for the good of the Indians, and that a smelter would ruin the country with its fumes, if placed at their doors, and that he could never consent for personal gain to do anything to injure the country for the Indians.

Father Richards was now growing old, so Father Coccola was covering the ground from Nelson to Golden, visiting the Mission twice a year; he saw the possibilities of Nelson, and wrote to his superiors to ask them to start at once an Hospital, Church and School.

But he was considered young and inexperienced and the answer was that someone should be sent to look over the district. The Vicar General came, sent by the Bishop, and unfortunately it was late in the season when he arrived. They penetrated the mountains as far as the Boundary line but were unable to reach Nelson. So they went to Bonnor's Ferry and then to Spokane hoping to get boats or some means of transportation to Nelson. The time of the Vicar General was getting short, and much time had been spent in traveling; he said that he had to return west and so nothing was done.

On his first trip to Kootenay Bottoms, as it was in the Fall he had admired the vast plains covered with hay, and said to himself "How many families could make a splendid living here."

Returning to St. Eugene from this trip (the first that he made) he reported to Col. Baker about 1000 acres of fine land, and also concerning the development of Nelson. He proposed to Col. Baker that the Provincial Government should build a trail along the St. Mary's river to finish at Pilot Bay on Kootenay Lake, where the "Blue Bell Mine" property was then very promising; and a smelter to be built there. Then there would be an opportunity of disposing of farm produce and stock. At the same time they could make known the vast extent of land where farmers could come and dwell.

Col. Baker did not lose any time. The trail was to be built, and an English firm was found to reclaim the Kootenay Bottoms. Graders, machinery and men were all soon in operation, but when the following season, in the month of June, he was camping on the prairie, because the Indians held very big camps there, not houses, but wigwams he could see that the water was sleeping up through the sand, and the flood of the prairie was not caused by the overflow of the river, (except in very high water) but by the natural seeping of the land.

Then he was almost sorry in his heart that he had drawn the attention of the Colonel to these places, but consoled himself with the reflection that after all the Company was rich and that the workmen had been given an opportunity of earning honest money.

The same Company had turned the water from the Kootenay river into the Columbia Lakes, in order to render the Columbia river navigable as far up as Golden (from Fort Steele)

Property holders found that their meadows were being flooded by the overflow, and the company was compelled to abandon the project and close down the canal.

See page 105.

The work of reclamation went on, but when the workmen attempted to go through an Indian grave-yard, the Indians stood firmly, and drove them off with guns. At that time the father had ceased to take charge of that part of the district, and in the meantime the Rev. Father Bedard, O.M.I. missionary in the West Kootenays visited the Indian camps and baptized 25 children, but as he was not in charge of the Indians did not visit them again.

When the Indians took up their uncompromising attitude, the company asked the Government to send the Police to protect their men. But the Government thought that the matter was purely a private one, and would not interfere. Then they asked that the Mounted Police should come. But this force had nothing to do now with B. C. and they declined also.

The Superintendent of Indian Affairs then wrote to Bishop Duvieu, asking him to send Fr. Coccola over the ground, to find out the cause of trouble, and see if it could not be arranged. The Indians too said that if their priest were sent they might be induced to talk business. Although he had left the district for three years, still they spoke of him as "their priest."

So he went down, and for the first five days gave instruction and didn't speak at all about land affairs, nor troubles of any sort. When he had got them well under control, and had once more won their confidence, he told them of the advantages of having land reclaimed from the wild condition, and made suitable for farming.

Also the manager of the Company, Mr. Alexander, had promised to build a church for the Indians, if they would move away from the swamps, and would pay all the expenses of the priest's visits to them.

While the Indians were listening quietly to his remarks, and doubting whether the white people would keep their word, on the sixth day that he was there the manager of the company, with a constable, from Nelson arrived, in the midst of the party. There were some white men with him, amongst whom was Pat Burns. All were interested to see the work of reclamation; but as soon as the Indians saw the party coming, the Chief rose up entirely beside himself with rage, saying "What is this man coming with a constable for? I have lots of policemen of my own, who can throw the whole party in the river." The party was encamped on the banks of the Kootenay River at the time, so the threat was not to be taken lightly.

The manager heard the Indians talking angrily, and though he did not know what was being said, it was quite clear that the words were hostile. He saw the despotic look on the face of the Chief, and the whole

tribe standing around. He turned to the priest and asked "What does he say?"

Somewhat annoyed, and not a little nervous himself, the priest replied shortly, "I have no business to tell you what he says. But I have something to say to you for myself, which is, that you asked me to come here, through the Bishop and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. My work is going on nicely, and I am trying to bring order and understanding into the matter, and if you are coming in, to spoil my work, I am leaving right now. One of us must leave the camp at once." The manager left, without another word.

Continuing the Mission he had a great day with the Indians, and when all the spiritual work was done, he asked the Indians, "Will you consent to this; to go and live on dry land, outside the village, where we will build a church and another village, and where we can do some farming, and at the same time reserve the best portion for hay land, where you can get feed for your stock and there live peacefully; and always get employment from the company; wages being paid every Saturday?"

Like the Kootenays before them they replied "Anything that you say, shall be done."

So the day after, the Chief and the most intelligent men of the tribe, together with the priest, went to the office of the Company, and asked the engineer to show them a map of the district, and asked if they were willing to give such a portion of land to the Indians, and the company could take the rest. But the grave-yards were to be left intact, and if individual graves, were met with on the land, they were to be moved at the expense of the company by the relatives, and to be put where they wanted them to be buried.

Everything was agreed to and everyone was satisfied, and they went on to locate the place where the Church and Village were to be built. This is close to where Creston is today, and all their troubles were over.

But (to the credit of the company?) he never got any money at all for the building of the new church, nor did he want it, for the Indians might easily have been brought to think that he had been paid more than he allowed that he had received. So while he never received a cent from the company, the Indians got their church built, and a village around it, and the grave-yard at a proper distance away.

The Indians were the first to plant fruit trees at this place, and today Creston is famous for its fruit.

KOOTENAY BOTTOMS or CRESTON.

The progress that the Indians of the Lower Kootenays were making attracted the attention of the Indians of Bonners Ferry.

They were a pretty wild crowd, a terror to each other and the whites. The Jesuits had built a church and school house in their camp but were unable to do anything with them as they were addicted to drink; so they were almost abandoned. Though wild, the Indians found that they were not happy and meeting once in a while with the Canadian Indians, and seeing that they were happy, asked them the cause of it. "Before you looked wild as we do, but now you look happy" they said. "The teachings of the priest has done all that to us" answered the Indians. And when he came to the camp the Bonners Ferry people wanted to be admitted to the camp.

Messengers were sent to the priest asking if they could take part in the service. The reply was that if they would submit to the regulations of the camp they would be welcome; if not, they could keep away.

The regulations were too strict; anyone causing disorder in the camp, drinking, thieving or immorality, was brought before the chief and council, judged and sentenced.

They found that too hard and went back to their own camp.

At the next visit of the priest the same men returned, saying that they were willing to submit to all the regulations. So they were admitted and took such interest in the instructions that some of them approached the sacraments. About that time the Bishop of Idaho asked Bishop Durieu to send Fr. Coccola down to see what could be done. The Bishop wrote to him saying that he did not impose the work upon him as he had enough to do already but that if he could see his way to go there he would be pleased, but left it to his own judgment. On the next visit to Kootenay Bottoms, the Bonners Ferry Indians asked him to go to their camp and do the same there as he had done for the Canadians.

On going there he could not find any better disposed people. Discipline was enforced, and order was reigning in the camp. Then he told them that he would take charge of them as they gave so much satisfaction. On this next visit to the Bottoms all the young men came to meet him to bring him to the camp. Passing through the white people's town of Bonners Ferry surrounded by his "braves" the whites crowded to the doors and windows to see the transformation that had taken place amongst the people formerly the terror of the country but now led like lambs by one man.

It was on the big flats where they were working to reclaim the lands on the Kootenay Bottoms that Fr. Coccola had prepared the children for their first Communion. The Customs Officer at the Boundary Line, who had a beautiful garden sent in a large bouquet of flowers for the altar. On the day of the first Communion, the bouquet was there to decorate the place. Having to leave the camp the next day after, he looked at the flowers and said to himself. "Will I have to throw those flowers away?" and the thought struck him to give to each of the Communicants a flower, telling them to keep them in remembrance of the day. Returning to the camp after six months, and after three days of preparation and teaching, confessions began to be heard. A girl of eighteen came and knelt down, and asked what she ought to say. "Why, make your confession and prepare for Holy Communion by the Sacrament of Penance" was the reply. The girl looked surprised and said "Look at this," showing him a beautifully embroidered packet of parchment which she had hanging around her neck. "What is that" he asked. "That is the flower that you gave to me when I made my first communion," said she. "I look at it every day and then how could I commit any sin?"

Now let people say that the Indian does not profit by the teachings of the church, or that when the priest goes away, they abandon all until he returns again.

When in these camps the priest would hoist the flag in the midst of it, by the wigwam which was used for a church. The little boat, "The Galena" plying from Bonners Ferry to Nelson, and Ainsworth, (known at that time as Hot Springs), would notice the flag, and the crew would tell the people that the priest was in the country. And then the Catholics of the locality and the prospectors would be on the look out for the coming of the priest, knowing that as a rule he would not be more than eight days in the Indian camp, and that after that he would visit the white people. And the prospectors would come down every time that the boat would come through and when they would see him in the boat they would go to him and take his valise saying "Father you will first be with us, and would start off so that he had to follow them up to the camps. Then during three or four days he would remain there and they would have mass there every morning. Naturally the boys would enjoy the visit but when the days came for the departure, they would say "Now winter will soon be on us, and we will be buried in the snow for five months, cut off from all communication with the world." This talk made the boys sad. Then he would say "Never mind boys, before the snow comes, we shall strike it rich" and as fact on one occasion a few weeks after he had returned home he had a letter from them saying that his prophecy had been realized. They had struck the 'Noble Five'!!!

CRESTON.

On one occasion that he was down at Creston, the Indians showed him a bag of sand carrying gold 'colours' and asked him to go and see about the location.

He found that it might be worth while if there was lots of it, but as the gold was very fine it would take machinery and men of knowledge to save it.

Returning from Creston, the telegraph operator came to him in great haste saying that there was a telegram for him. "I have been trying to get you everywhere. Wires have been going east and west for you."

The telegram was from the C.P.R. superintendent, Duchesne, at Revelstoke, asking him to go down at once. Duchesne was an old acquaintance. During the construction of the road from Nelson to Castlegar, he met him, first at the cabin of a druggist, where he complained of bad colic. The druggist mixed some medicine and gave it to Duchesne. He had to mix it in the fathers presence as there were no other rooms. The dose seemed rather large, but it did not seem right to interfere, so the medicine was taken and they went on with the journey.

It was his custom to look for the biggest camp for Sunday, so he only passed by, talking but not stopping at the different points. As the engineer invited him to his camp he accompanied him. On going into supper they sat down, when the engineer suddenly declared that he felt sick and ready to die. Fr. Coccola said that he did not wonder at that after the dose that had been given to him in the afternoon. "You got a dose big enough to kill a bull" said he, "but I will see what I can do for you." Unpacking his medicine case which he always carried he gave him a remedy; in the morning he enquired how he felt. "Gay as a bird" was the reply. "Your medicine fixed me up good." On another occasion he had met him and he had such a sore eye that he could hardly keep on his horse. He cured the eye, and the confidence of the engineer was unlimited in him.

By this will be seen that the two were well acquainted with each other.

But being called now it was hard to understand why he had sent for him. There was a doctor and a priest at Revelstoke, and as the work was pressing at other places, he hesitated about going; but as the train came in he jumped on board and went off to Revelstoke.

There he was met at the station by the engineer, but on asking why he had sent for him, he said "Lets go to the office and there we can talk." Then when alone with Superintendant Marpole, they told him that there was a strike going on. There were many freight cars loaded there and rumours were going around that the cars would be broken in and set on fire in the night. Not knowing what to do, Father Coccola was sent for, as

the work that he had done in similar cases on the main line was remembered.

Leaving the office and going around the town, calling at different camps and houses, he spoke to the men and urged them to be careful and not to do anything out of the way. There was no need for them to get into trouble, or to be put in gaol. The leaders were smart and would get out of the country when danger came, and the poor man would not be able to do so; and the consequences would be very sad for the men who broke the law.

The leaders of the strike came to him and said, "Better look out. You come here to speak with the men and interfere with the strike." He answered that he loved the men too well to allow them to expose themselves to such sad consequences and was not looking to the interest of anyone except the men themselves. He did not see how he could displease anybody by so doing. Two days after, he met the Superintendant who asked him, "What have you done to the men? Everything is quiet around here now and before the men were hanging around to loaded freight cars and threatening disturbance. Now every thing is quiet."

A few days after the strike was settled and everything became normal.

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In the branch railway from Nelson to Castlegar, visiting the camps he called on Saturday at the biggest camp to spend Sunday and get an opportunity for the biggest number of men to attend church. Coming there in the evening the working boss said "You could not have come at a better time." Said "Why?" "The men are on strike and seem to be ill disposed. Take my tent, and make your self at home there and bring in your friends. To show that there will be nothing in your way I will remove all my papers. Though I am not a Catholic, I understand the respect due to a priest." So said the boss. He asked him if there was any liquor in the camp, but the reply was that there was not. He told the boss in that case he could sleep soundly for all would be well.

The boss added that he had some policemen from Nelson coming in that night. Fr. Coccola said that this was useless as policemen only caused excitement unless they were in such numbers as to control the camp.

After supper he went among the men and asked the cause of the trouble. They replied that they were told that they would receive so much per day when they came with transportation and luggage given free but when

they were paid their money at the end of the month, they kept back so much for transportation and so much for luggage. "Well" he said, "I see where the trouble comes from. The agent with whom the contract was made may not have notified the company that transportation was to be free. The working boss was keeping part of the wages to meet the bills sent by the company but if representations were made by a proper person, the money would be refunded. It was not the fault of the working boss and they should not molest him in any way. All seemed to be all right in the camp and about midnight he went to his bed to rest. While taking off his coat he heard some one outside feeling his way round the tent and raising the flap. He saw a man coming in with a gun pointed at him. Quietly he said "What do you want?" The man said "Where is the working boss?" "I do not know. He is not here."

The man went away, but risks like this were of common occurrence.

In the meanwhile the Priest had to be the doctor of the country side. Prospectors, farmers meeting with accidents and sickness, besides the Indians themselves, would call on the priest, who for a long time was the only doctor in the whole country. For the purpose he had built a big house at St. Eugene, with 5 spare rooms, where such people as needed medical attention could come and stay. Sisters of Providence of the School acted as nurse and attended many cases. But the miners wanted to build a hospital; he said to them: "I am poor and so are you, too poor to build a good hospital; yet if you do not build one that is quite up to date, no one will be pleased. Here is my house. All may come here. Protestants and Catholics alike. None are refused."

Just at this time he received a letter from Dr. Newburn, the doctor of the Crows Nest Railway staff, asking him to take charge of the men of the district under construction. His reply was that he was very sorry, but that his work there was to look after the souls and not the bodies, and that all his time was taken up with his own proper business. He could not leave the ministry for the medical profession;

Shortly after, Mr. Haney, C.P.R. Superintendent, came to see him, and said, "I thought that you were my friend, but I see that you are not."

"Why, what makes you think that."

"Because you refuse to look after my sick men. There is a lot of sickness in the country and accusations are being brought against the company of neglect of the men. If you took charge of the men, I know that these accusations would cease."

"But how could I do so. My house is too small, and there is no room for many men."

"That should not stop you. Here is all the money that you need behind you."

"All right. But to build is not sufficient. We need nurses to look after the sick."

"Here is a pass on the railway. Go out and collect all the nurses that you need. Here is a cheque that will start a building."

At once a plan was formed, a contract was given and he left shortly after in the month of November to secure the nurses. He travelled through the States, to Portland, and while there a telegram was sent to the Mother Superior of the Sisters of Providence, asking her to take care of the hospital at St. Eugene. The hospital was accepted by the Mother, and three sisters came to start with, and by the time that he returned the hospital was well advanced. But they did not wait for the building to be completed, but took patients in his own house as well as other buildings that they had at the place.

The completed hospital would hold 40

persons easily, but as the number of patients was increasing very fast they erected comfortable tents, where the convalescent cases could be received. At one time there were 80 patients being taken care of. A commission was sent from Ottawa to look into the reason for so much sickness, and so many deaths. When they reached St. Eugene, they looked at the books, and found to their surprise that though there were so many patients, so few had died, while at all the other hospitals along the line they were dying like flies, from Macleod to Osoos Konook on the Kootenay Lakes. It was giving a good name to the contractors and to the company in general.

The Hospital was built at St. Eugene on the banks of the St. Mary's River, but after the branch line had started to be built to Marysville, Cranbrook # became the principal point, and the hospital was removed there, a larger building being erected, with Dr. King, (now Minister of Public Works, 1924) as Medical Superintendent.

App. Note 7, page 102.

On one of his visits to Calgary, Fr. Coccola called at the Hospital of the Holy Cross, and there met Father Welch, now the Provincial of the O.M.I. in B.C.

At that time he was ailing and not very long over from England, where he had been working at Manchester. He had come over in search of health, and the doctor had said that he had only a few more years to live if he remained in the place where he had been living. So he sought the shores of Canada, had tried Ottawa, but had found the air too trying; he had come to Calgary, but with no success so far.

"Come to my district if you want perfect health" boasted the father, proud of the Kootenays.

So they went back together to St. Eugene, and there had a week of outings and picnics in the woods; camping out, and saying Mass under the trees, to the surprise of the priest only accustomed to the ordered ways and discipline of an English parish.

In the evening the boys would come in and would bring game. One day they told how they had shot a bear, but it was too late to bring it in; They hardly believed them, but next day the boy appeared, walking on all-fours with the hide of the bear on his back. Part of the meat was brought in too, and altogether they had a good time. Fr. Welch picked up rapidly, enjoyed himself, but the time came for him to return to Calgary.

In the following year he invited him to come again, saying "You know now how healthy our place is, come along." The answer was that if he would bring a team to Golden, he would meet him there. At the same time Bishop Durieu came to give Confirmation in the district, and was to be in Golden, and he saw how he could take the two out together. The first night they arrived at a house where he had planned to spend the night. He took out the horses and put them in the stable. Then he found his companions sitting on the log where he had left them saying, in reply to his questions that there was no one at home and that there was no use in staying there. He taught them how to manage in that country. Slipping round to the back of the house, he found as he had expected that the back-door was unfastened, went in and opened the front door and invited the two companions welcome. Well, now we are here, what are we going to eat was the next cry. Rummaging around he found provisions. The others now began to help and the Bishop volunteered to make an omelette, and as Fr. Welch, came from England, he was put on to make the tea. The Bishop was a Frenchman, and as might be expected the omelette was excellent, but the tea was as black as ink. Enquiry showed that the pot was nearly full of leaves, and hardly any water at all!

There was a heavy storm during the night, and the roads were heavy to travel next day. But they had a good team and they were not afraid to push them on until

they came to where a tree had fallen across the road so that it was impossible to proceed further. One end was next to a big 'cut' and the other end rested on the edge of a precipice. The situation was difficult, but he got out of it by the following expedient. Taking out the seats from the rig, he then took off the wheels, put a few poles on the bottom of the rig; passed the horses over the end of the tree close to the bank; then slid the rig under the tree; replaced the wheels on the other side and soon they were away again with everything in place.

Coming to St. Eugene all the Indians were there from the different camps and that impressed Fr. Welch very much. White people were there too and he introduced Fr. Welch as the new parish priest. At the time he had meant it as a joke, but later on Fr. Welch asked him if he had meant it seriously. However seeing that it had been taken well, he replied, "I never joke. You have come to help me, and I need help all right." So Fr. Welch stayed and after a while, feeling well and strong again, urged that he be given a share in the missionary work, which took Fr. Coccola so much away from the village, that he was hardly ever at home. So it was agreed to, and Fr. Welch started off, and built a church at Fort Steele, and began to visit the camps, and the railway men, taking in the Kootenay and Elcho Rivers. Then he went to Fernie, where he built a church also, which was completed later. Thus he worked, until the Bishop heard of his work and wired to Fr. Welch that he wanted to see him, and to meet him at Nelson; This was Bishop Dontenwill, and at the time Fr. Coccola was away in Winnipeg. Fr. Welch did not answer the telegram, but knowing the other was to be returning shortly, went to meet him at Fernie. # He showed him the wire, and said that he feared that the Bishop was about to take him away, and he did not want to go, under any consideration. He asked him to take steps to prevent this, but he told him that if the Bishop wanted him elsewhere he ought to go. He should go and find out what it was. He went and returned and said that the Bishop wanted him to go to Rossland. He had refused and the Bishop had given him a fortnight to think it over in. But Fr. Coccola said that he should obey and the result was that the younger man agreed to go, stipulating that he might be allowed to visit St. Eugene whenever he wanted, and that Fr. Coccola would go to him if he asked him to do so. To all this Fr. Coccola agreed willingly, admiring the unselfishness of the younger man who did not want to go ahead himself but stay with the older man.

Bishop Dontenwill was very anxious that there should be a resident priest at Rossland, as the work had been begun by Father Lemay, who had died, and the work was going on under great difficulties. As there were now two assistant priests at St. Eugene, Fr. Coccola accompanied

App. Note 9 p. 103.

to see him established there.

On one of his visits there the chief difficulty that Fr. Welch encountered was the loneliness of the life and this gave the others the idea that the religious life was the one for which he was the best fitted. He did not like to suggest it as the Bishop might not approve, as it had been very hard to get a priest for the parish, and if he did anything to cause the present holder to leave, it might be a serious loss to the diocese. However, meeting the Bishop he suggested it to him, who at once said that if Fr. Welch felt drawn to the religious life, he would not stand in the way. He reported this to the other who took him at his word, made his retreat at Spokane, leaving Fr. Coccoia in charge in the meantime.

Trail was served from Rossland, and he spent his time between the two places, saying two Masses on Sunday.

On Fr. Welch's return he gave him advice on the subject of the choice of Religious Orders, and recommended the O.M.I. He agreed and went to the Bishop at New Westminster, and Fr. Mackinnon was sent to Rossland to take charge there.

KIMBERLY.

St. Mary's district was talked about outside the province and the hills were covered with the tents of prospectors. One day three men came to the Mission looking very dilapidated and worn out. The father was away at the time and they asked where he was. Brother Burns said "The father is away but may return at any time. He may be here tonight and if you will leave a message I will see that he gets it." What they wanted, they said, was some flour and a piece of bacon, and some spikes with which to build a raft with which they could cross the St. Mary's River. Brother Burns said that he could give them all those things, and there was no need for them to wait for the return of the father, as he would be only too glad for them to have the use of them.

The leader of that party was Sullivan, a young Catholic. They followed the St. Mark's Creek, on which Fr. Coccoia has crushed rock many a time, and located the Sullivan group, where Kimberly stands today.

Looking at the temporal side of affairs for a minute, it must be noted that the Mission of St. Eugene was the first to bring modern machinery and farm implements into the district. Mowers, binders, threshers and other kinds, and besides the beautiful garden that they created, they had all kinds of fancy stock, Holsteins and even Jersey cows. People wanting milk cows knew where to go to get them. It was the same thing with the horses. A Percheron Stallion was obtained from the Guichon's stable, which after a while was exchanged for a 'Clyde' of 2000 lbs.

weight. This in turn gave place to a 'shire'. They were spreading this stock throughout the country, and would exchange a colt for a cow, and thus supply every part of the country with good horses.

They had about 100 acres under cultivation and experimented with different kinds of grass to see what was the most suitable for the district. Seeds suitable for their purpose were also obtained from Ottawa. The seed was distributed to all who came to ask for it, the arrangement being that they returned the same quantity when they had got it back from what was sown. This in turn was used in the same way.

But for all the work that went on on the farm the Mission work was never neglected. The many far-away camps were visited regularly for the 'marked seasons'. Work was increasing all the time, because the Bishop of Montana and the Bishop of Idaho, wanted him to visit camps and families close to the Boundary line, on the States side. Though Bishop Durieu had written to him about the request of these Bishops, yet he said that he did not impose the work upon him, as he had already enough work of his own to do, and left it entirely to his own judgment.

But the success that he met with everywhere was forcing him into the work. Not only amongst the Indians but also with the white people, especially on the Montana side, they were delighted to have a priest some times to teach their children, taking them to their own school at St. Eugene, to prepare them for their first Sacraments.

DEATH OF CHIEF ISADORE.

After the settlement with the Mounted Police and the Land question, Chief Isadore, though not very old, got sick, and there was little hope of his recovery. The more influential people of the different camps, hearing of the sickness of the principal chief of the whole tribe which Isadore was considered, had come round, and after the last Sacraments of the Church had been administered he called all the men around his bed, and said: "I am now going to leave you, and two things I want to tell you. Never abandon your prayers, and your land. For the rest, you have your priest with you to show you what to do, to be happy in this world, and hereafter. Listen to him, and everything will be well with you. Now, goodbye to all of you."

Col. Steele writes: "Isadore was the most influential chief I have known, Crowfoot, the Blackfoot chief, or Red Crow, dare not, in the height of their power, have exercised the discipline that Isadore did."

When Christmas came, the Indians, as was their custom rode in a body to St. Eugene Mission, where they took up their quarters in their log houses, and for a whole week attended the church services. In the intervals, Isadore and his four sheriffs, seized all who had been guilty of any offense, such as gambling, drunkenness, or theft. They were tied down on a robe, hands and feet secured by rawhide thongs to stakes placed in the ground, regardless of age or sex. By some means or other the chief knew the culprits, but in spite of that fact and the consequences of their folly, they never failed to appear at the church to take their medicine. At Easter the same ceremonies were followed, when they assembled to perform the Easter duty.

In the spring Messrs. McVittie, land surveyors and engineers, surveyed the Indian reserves, and while they were at work Isadore complained that the reserves were too small and that he had been promised larger ones. There was no way of disproving this statement; no treaty having been made as in the North-West Territory; no records of what he had been promised were recorded with his signature upon them, so that there was nothing for it but to induce him to be satisfied. One thing was certain, the Indian agent was an upright and talented man, who would, if anything, be too good to the Indians, and he was ably supported by Father Coccoia, the missionary who had relieved Father Fouquet, in charge of St. Eugene. He was a Corsican of high family, and did much to create a good feeling between the Indians and the whites." (Forty years in Canada. p. 250, 251.)

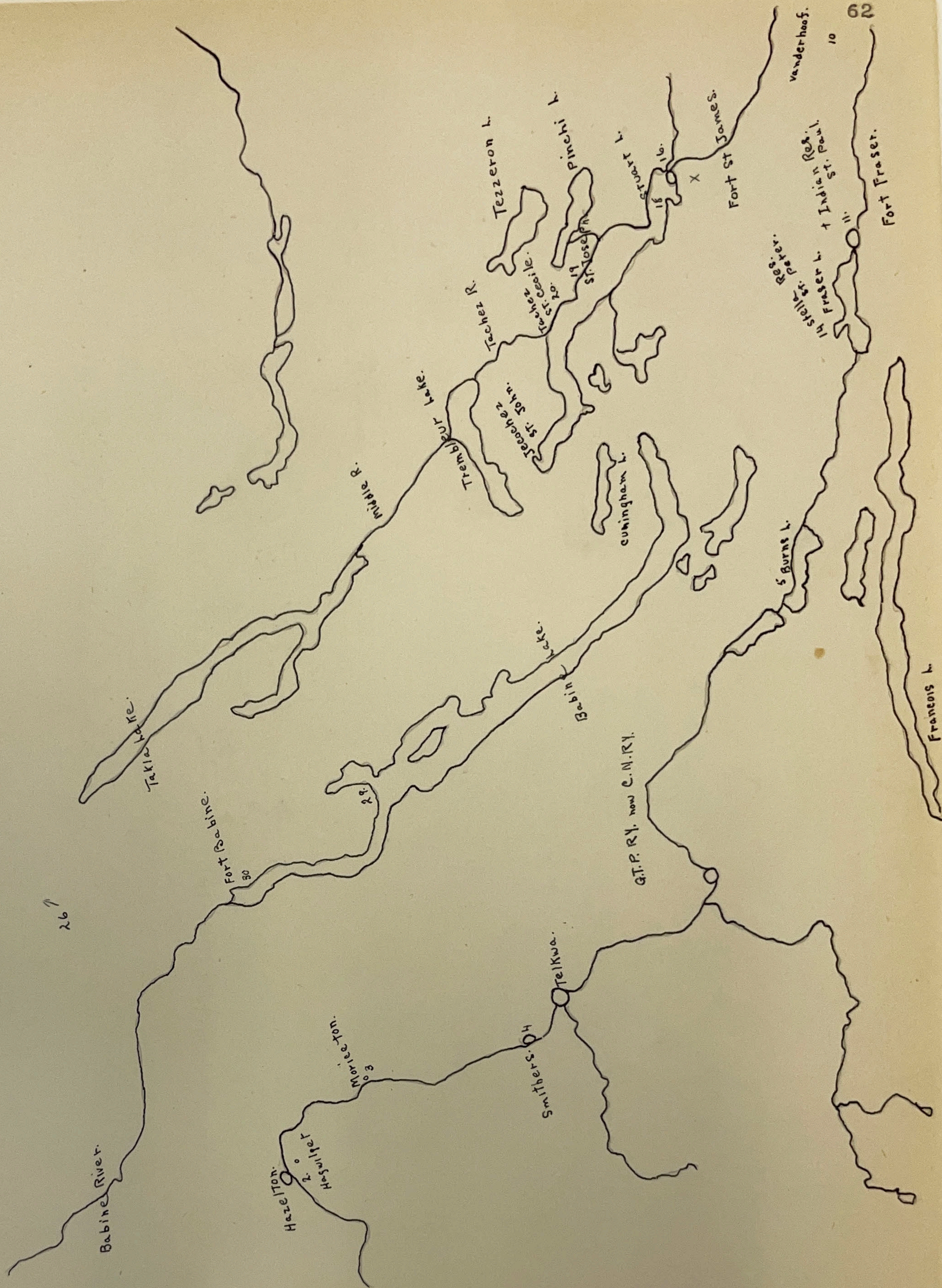
IN THE FAR NORTH.

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1. Hazelton.
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5. Burns Lake. Sacred Heart.
6. Utsa Lake.
7. Francois Lake.
8. Tchesinkut Lake.
9. Stony Creek Reserve. Holy Trinity.
10. Vanderhoof. Infant Jesus.
11. Fort Fraser.
12. Fort Fraser Industrial School.
13. Fraser Lake Indian Reserve. St. Paul.
14. " " Stella Reserve. St. Peter.
15. Stuart Lake.
16. St. Nicholas.
17. Stuart Lake. Headquarters.
18. Mission. Our Lady of Good Hope.
19. Pinchey. St. Joseph.
20. Taches. St. Cecile.
21. Taches River.
22. Lake Trembleur.
23. Middle River.
24. Takla Lake.
25. Driftwood River.
26. To Bear Lake.
27. Stuart Lake. Jecouchez St. John
28. Babine Lake.
29. Old Fort. St. Michel
30. Babine Village. St. Jean Baptist.
31. Babine Mine.



IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

In the year 1905, a visitor representing the Vicar-General of the Order (O.M.I.) sent for him to New Westminster, as being the place from whence he had been originally sent out.

The V-G of the O.M.I. was supposed by the Constitutions to pay a visit to every Mission once every six years. This being impracticable, a visitor representing him was sent out to hold a review of the work done throughout the world.

In passing the work done in B. C. in review, it was found that one of the priests had been left in the Stuart Lake district without any companion, for over two years, and it was decided that some one must go up and keep him company. That was after Father Morice had left the province.

The question before the Council was....who is to go there? A few names were mentioned by the members present, but all were unsuitable. One was too young. Another too old. Another not strong enough. Bishop Dentenwill kept on looking at Fr. Coccola and said in a low voice to him, "I know someone who would do very well indeed, but I don't want to mention any names." The meeting for that day ended and nothing was settled. Fr. Coccola then knew what was wanted. So the next day, when the meeting was reopened, they began to discuss some of the more important matters in hand, forgetting all about the matter of Stuart Lake. He brought them back to the subject. "Finish one thing before starting another." said he.

"Of course. Of course. Quite right," they all agreed. But still nobody made any suggestions. Again Bishop Dentenwill said "I know some one who would do well, but I won't say who" and he gave Fr. Coccola such a significant look that he knew what was meant, and said at once, "You want me to go?" "Yes," said the Bishop. "Who will look after St. Eugene? But that won't stop me going, if you want me to go north. There, everything is 'on the run', and if the man who follows me lets things go, they will run by themselves." His age was an objection. He was then advancing in years they said, but after all he would only be asked to go for one season, and see how things were going on, and then he would come back in the spring.

So he went....and has already stayed there for 19 years!

He went just as he was, in the clothes that he then wore. No word was given to anyone outside the Council and not until he had reached Quesnel and was well on his way did he send word to his friends at St. Eugene that they need not look for him again that season at any rate.

From Quesnel he made his way up to Fort St. James, # and Stuart Lake, taking a week or more on the road from Quesnel. When he arrived at Stuart Lake, he found that Fr. Connor, the lonely missionary, was away on the Mission; so he went into the cabin that had been built by Father Blanchet, and in which Fr. LeJacq, Fr. Morice and Fr. Pandosy had lived. The Indians all assembled as was their custom to criticise the newcomer, and stood around studying him. Long afterwards they told him what their first impressions had been.

"What does this old man want coming up here for?" was the first thought that struck them. "He will be dead in the first cold spell."

And in truth, he probably looked rather dishevelled he now admits. His hair was white then, and after the weeks travel his appearance was perhaps not as youthful as usual.

"But all the same, look at the way he holds himself. He must have seen some heavy storms with a strong backbone" they thought.

While they were looking at him, he was in turn looking round the countryside; seeing the children half-starved, and half-naked. It was the hardest time of the year, being at the end of August. All their money would be gone, and their provisions exhausted. There would be little hunting or fishing, and they would have to wait until the start of the fall and then begin afresh.

At the sight of what he saw, his heart sank. He felt as though he could roll up his blankets again and return right away. How he longed at that moment for St. Eugene!

But that would do no good. He had medicine with him, and set to work. He found that they were much troubled with intestinal worms, due to bad feeding. It was quite a surprise how soon they picked up. The Indians were very grateful, and rewarded him at once with marks of affection bringing him grouse, and even half a fish if they were lucky enough to catch one.

Father Connor came back and was pleased to see him, for of course he had no idea that anyone was coming up to him. They had a few happy days together, and then Fr. Connor said that he felt that he had been there too long and that it would be better for him to go. He would apply to New Westminster for a recall. He was told that that was unnecessary, if he really wished that, as Fr. Coccola had full authority to do what was required. "I came here to bring you company and comfort, but if you want to return, you are at perfect liberty to do as you think best," he was told.

So he left, and Fr. Coccola was alone. At once he saw the necessity for patching up the old log cabin. He filled up the cracks in the walls, got stones and made the place in good condition.

The Indians gazed at him in astonishment. "If he does this sort of thing now, what will he do when January comes, and the really cold weather is here," they wondered. He told them to wait until January came, and then they would see what he would do. And when it did come, every evening the people would come in for a chat and talk over some interesting and educational subject, and found that the cabin was splendidly warm. They said that it must be like Heaven!

Then began the serious work at the Mission. Like the Kootenays they would find the sermons that he preached, to the point. In the early days in the Kootenays the Indians said that he was "very bad" because "he would plunge his hand into their hearts, pull them out, look at them, and throw them away from him. Too bad! No good!" The Stuart Lake Indians or Denes, as they are called, expressed themselves in much the same way. "Your words go right to the marrow of our bones; but they are so true that we cannot regret them," they said.

The first gathering was on All Saints Day, Nov. 1, 1905. Five villages on Stuart Lake all came to the Mission, so that the church was pretty well crowded. His mind was made up that he would build a good gallery, and so give them more room. They therefore fixed the church, both within and without. All the lumber had to be sawn by hand, but all were willing to work. All returned home very happy. Then they started for their hunting grounds, coming back again for Christmas. As there was plenty of fur at that time, they did not have to go far; there were few white people in those days.

Coming back for Christmas, they had eight days of exercise and preparation, which were welcomed by everybody.

The programme was very much as follows:

1. An Instruction before Mass to explain what the Sacrifice of the Mass consists in.
2. Mass, followed by breakfast.
3. Catechism, accompanied by singing Plain-chant and hymns in their own language. These had been prepared by Father Morice.
4. Noon. Dinner.
5. Public Works.

These consisted for the most part of preparing firewood for the church and the priests house. Wood was cut at this time, and left on the ground. At Easter it would be piled up and given a chance to dry out thoroughly. At All Saints Day it would be brought in large quantities to the church and to the house, so that there would be enough to last up to New Years Day. Then wood would be

brought in on sledges for the rest of the season. Other Public Works, consisted in clearing land round the church to improve the surroundings, and to make more room for gardens.

6. At 4:30 Called to the Church, for a sermon on one of the more important subjects: followed by Benediction.

7. In the evening from 8 to 10 the "hearing of the cases" was held. The Chief and Watchmen were present and any difficulties between themselves had to be settled. The priest was there, but he only settled matters as a last resource, if the Council could not agree. People who had any difficulties between themselves had to be reconciled to one another before they could receive the Sacraments. Also cases of disorder; the accused being brought in by the watchmen before the Chief, and if found guilty would be punished accordingly.

The fourth day Confessions began and everyone separated into groups. The children on one day, the women on another and the men on another day. Each knew their own day.

In the middle of February, the Babine[#] people came for the priest. The distance from Stuart Lake to Babine would be about 170 miles, and was made under great difficulties at times. On account of the ice of the north being very treacherous and of a poor character, travelling is very hard at times. The pressure of the snow upon the ice causes the latter to rot, water comes through, and some times the ice breaks and forms holes that are very treacherous to the traveller.

Travelling is done by means of horse and dog. Where the horse and sleigh could not go, even though they made use of single horse sleighs, then dogs had to be used. They were light and could travel over the crust of snow, while the horse could had to be led along the lake shore. All this made travelling very arduous and also dangerous.

From the time that he left Stuart Lake for Babine Lake the people pitied him, saying how everybody at Stuart Lake was mindful of his words, and did all they could to make his life a pleasant one. The Babines on the other hand, they said, are a very treacherous lot. They will try to cheat you, and hide their misdeeds. They will try to make you believe that they are good when they are not. For a time it is true, they made him a little apprehensive, but he knew that worrying would do no good, and trusted in God.

Some of the young men from Babine Lake had come over to Stuart Lake to see what sort of a man he was, before the winter had set in. He had heard them making remarks amongst themselves while they were around at Stuart Lake, for they had not supposed that they were understood by him. Nearly all their former priests seemed to have been little men, of small stature, when they saw a big,

[#] App. Note 2 page 97.

tall man, erect, walking with his hand at his back, they said to one another, "Look what a fine man this is, and look how strong he is in his speech." Of course when he told them that he was going to visit them at Babine Lake, they told their people what they had seen and heard.

It was hard travelling around the lake. Twenty-five miles from the principal village of Babine, there is a village called the Old Fort. Here the Hudson's Bay Company had in former days a fort, but the manager was killed.

When about ten miles from the Old Fort on the lake, they started a big fire. The smoke was noticed by the people of the camp, and nearly all the men came to meet them and trample the snow down, to make it easy to travel. The Old Fort people wanted the party to wait in the camp while they got ready to accompany them to Babine village. There must have been at least four feet of snow, so they were glad to have the company of so many men to assist in trampling it down, and make a good track.

People at H'gwilget near Hazelton, being notified, came to Babine, to see the new priest, and when they were in sight of the village, the caravan composed of about sixty people opened fire with their guns.

Just at the same time the people of H'gwilget, were approaching the village from the opposite side, coming out of a gulch in the mountains, and at once returned the fire, as though it had been arranged, so neatly was it done. Then the Babine villagers opened fire in their turn and the ringing of the mountains with the echoes may well be imagined. Chief Williams, with his best horse came to meet him, and took him in his sleigh, with a fresh horse, and the Mission flag flying fastened to the sleigh so that all might know where the priest was to be found.

Great singing from the three combined parties added to the noise of the guns....and that is how the priest came to Babine Village. Rather a different picture from that painted by the Indians of Stuart Lake.

After shaking hands with all, they had to find out what sort of a house they had got for the priest during his visit to the village. But he had made his own arrangements in his own mind before he had ever reached the camp. He asked "What sort of a house have you got for the priest to stay in. Is it a good sort of a house?"

"Yes" they replied, "the priest stays in a house not far from the church."

"Well, is it a good house?"

"Yes, it is a good house, but the owner has been deserted by his wife, and he took another woman to himself, and they are living there." And now he began to find out what sort of people the Babines really were.

N.B.//Ommica mining rush of 1872 caused a new trail to be built Hazelton to Manhon Creek, crossing Babine Lake at its north end resulting in H.B.Co. removing their fort to that crossing. Most inspiring sight and one that I will never forget. I witnessed Bishop Donterville's arrival at Babine and had the pleasure of his company for dinner in, I think, 1900.

Note by Mr. C.H.French, H.B.Co. Fur Dept. May 23, 1925.

"No, I must have another house than that," he said, and refused to take the house assigned to him. Naturally the owner of the house was much upset that he was rejected. But no attention was paid to his protests. They went to the church, and there he announced his programme for the week.

The work began the following day. So he at once began with the subject of "DIVORCE," that being the most important problem before him at that time. And right here he had an illustration to his hand, in the man whose house had been refused.

"You must chase the devil out of the camp before you can bring God into it," he told them.

So the man was brought up before the Chief, and the woman too. They agreed to part. "I will take your word," said the priest, "but you may change your mind later on, and then things will be no better than before. I will send for your wife," to the man, "who is living at Hazelton, and this woman must be married to some one in the Camp."

Who was the one who would marry the woman?

That now became the problem. There was however an old widower who could not find another wife, and he expressed his willingness to help them out of the difficulty. At first the woman hesitated, but the priest urged her on, and at last she consented. They married, and settled down, and are still living there very happily, and are the best supporters of the church.

Similar cases were brought before the Court, and every thing was duly regulated.

One of the great questions arising at almost every meeting was that of the Hunting-grounds difficulty. A hunter, dying and leaving children would leave his hunting-grounds to the children. But when there were many children, and they had nothing to show in writing, the problem was to show who was to have the ground where the most game was to be found.

At other times there would be monuments erected over the grave of a dead man, and the person who caused the monument to be erected, would claim a part of the hunting-grounds too. The monuments usually took the form of carved posts, more or less elaborately designed. The more elaborate the posts were the larger the share in the grounds he would claim.

The relations of the dead man were naturally filled with pride, and they wanted to do great things, not considering that they had to pay for them later on. They would not object to all the splendour at the time. But the claim of the architect and builder would not be made at the time of burial, but, often, years later. Nor had they any consideration at all, but at the end of a few years would put their traps right on the hunting-grounds of the deceased.

Then would follow expostulations, and the reason why they had done so, namely, that they had attended the man in his last sickness, or, that they had built a mausoleum over his grave, would be revealed, giving them the right to trap on the hunting-grounds.

These questions would be Brought up at these Courts, and would consume many hours to decide. Again, when the Chief and Watchmen could not come to any conclusion, the Priest had to give the final decision.

To many, looking on, this would seem to be much lost time. But it was the only way to keep any harmony in the camp, and to keep the place free from fighting and blood-shed. Moreover, the priest was able to impart notions of justice and legality to the Indians on many points, and show the necessity for a dying man to draw up a will in writing, or at least express his wishes in the presence of competent witnesses.

The priest opposed as much as possible the monuments on the graves, but it was a very difficult matter to stop the custom. One reason for the objection was that the people erecting them did so for the profit they could make out of the relatives, and at the same time there would be a great feast which entailed unnecessary expense.

The solution of the problem was found to be in educating the people to provide for the formation of properly blessed grave-yards, and then they were asked to do away with the existing erections, so as not to disfigure the blessed ground.

The great objection to the erection of the native monuments and subsequent feasting was that they were done at the expense of the relatives by people whose sole idea was to make a profit out of them. The result was that the children were often left penniless and destitute, and for this reason the priest had to protect them and oppose the old customs.

This objection holds good for all the potlaches and other pagan festivities of the Indians. The poor Indian cannot understand moderation and to keep within reasonable limits. No priest could object to a family feast or dinner, to which friends were invited, but these potlaches were held at the cost of from \$4000 to \$5000 at times. The man would begin to save money, starve his wife, and children, deny himself certain commodities in life and after two or three years would put the result of his hunting into a great potlach, and all the money would be gone; the family starved before, would be worse off now.

The potlach would begin by the giving of food, and after this the distribution of blankets and clothing. Then if the man were really rich, money would be thrown into the crowd to be scrambled for. Those who were free with their money in a potlach would very seldom give food or any help to the sick, poor or blind, helpless or

N.B.--This is a real description of a Potlach from the church standpoint. Of course there are other features not given here.

Note by Mr. C. H. French. H. B. Co. May 23, 1925.

any other afflicted person. It was almost impossible to teach charity to the needy to those who were most ready to support the potlach.

It is the same with their gambling games; cards, "oselettes," a French word for 'little beans, or Bones. (Some of their 'bones' were beautifully carved) Sometimes the Superiors of the Order, coming from Europe would hear complaints from the Indians in various parts of the province, that the priests were too strict, and would not allow them to play cards, though they would see the white men playing themselves.

Then the chiefs from Rome would say "Why don't you let these boys play cards. Let them have a little recreation." They were answered that they would be allowed to play if they would keep within proper limits. But they always went to excess and had to be stopped. "Ah, but they are better educated now, and know better. It will be alright for them to play for an hour or two for a little tobacco, or something of the sort." So on one occasion it was tried, but it was not long before the white people themselves (as for instance the captain of a steamboat on the Fraser river) came and asked that the Indians be stopped gambling, as they could not be got to go to work during the daytime, as they would gamble all night and could not keep awake and keep the steam in the boilers, being too tired out.

Once he came to a camp in the Kootenays, near where Creston is today, where the Indians were living in wigwams, without provisions of any kind. He asked them why they were so poor looking and thin. They replied that they didn't know. "Well" said he, "I will tell you. When you come back from the hunt, and have provisions, dried and fresh meat, you think that it will last for ever, and then you start gambling. Then you are up all night, and your wife stays by your side for fear that someone will take her away from you. The children are shivering with cold, for there is no fire in the wigwam. Then you actually gamble your wife away, and it is only when you are falling down with hunger, and there is scarcely any strength in you to take you to your boats on the river, or your gun in your hand, and kill a deer or cariboo that is so plentiful at present, that you have something to eat for yourself or family. That is why you are so thin and lacking in energy."

So they established a rule in that camp that at 9 o'clock a horn should be blown, and everyone had then to be in his own tent, and with his own family; say their prayers and go to sleep, so that in the morning they could get up and go and hunt, or fish or trap.

"Now," said he, "you will see what a change will take place." They came round a few months later to be looked at; and they were fresh and plump.

They were asked Why? They replied that they had kept their word and had refrained from gambling, and that was the reason for the change.

When in Kamloops, he had an old man, named Bernard, who looked after the firewood for him, and things of that sort; a very faithful and good old man. He asked to be allowed to borrow the pack saddle as he wanted to visit some friends at Adams Lake.

As there were no trips in view, permission was given, and he was to return in a week. He started on his trip, but did not return. Some Indians said that Bernard was afraid to come back as he had been gambling.

"Well," at least he could send the saddle back. I want to use it," was the response. But the fact was that he had gambled the saddle away; and not only the saddle but also his shirt, and finally his own soul as well. Fortunately the man who had won, had a dream that he was trampling underfoot the Blood of Our Lord. Frightened he woke up and tried to ascertain the meaning of the dream. He bethought himself that Bernard was a baptized man, and he had gambled away his soul. Also he had won the saddle of the priest.

At once he set Bernard free, and caused the saddle to be returned to its owner.

From Babine, Fr. Coccola went to Hagwilget across the mountains near to Hazelton.[#] The name means "Man with a shirt," since the other Indians wear only a blanket. To get there it was necessary to travel by dog-team and snow-shoes. The people who had not gone to Babine but remained at home, came out with joy to meet the party. His grey hairs caused them great surprise, and they came around saying, "Let us see the man with the grey hair who crossed the mountains at this time of the year." And they showed him great affection.

The camp being four miles from Hazelton, the proximity of the Hazelton Indians, whose reputation for morality was not very great, was a source of danger. Regulations were established that Hagwilget women could not go to town without their husbands, and had to be away from Hazelton before sunset. The Chief and Watchmen promised to see the regulations were kept, and in three years time the behaviour of the camp gave great satisfaction. A Church was built to take the place of the one that had been built 40 years before by Father Marshall, and advantage was taken of the building of the new church to level all the graves scattered around the camp; because the Indians liked to bury their dead close to their houses. In order to get this done smoothly and without undue fuss, he gave out that he needed the wood for the erection of the new church, and that it would bring a blessing upon the dead, and that was the best time to do it. The Indians were so taken with the idea of the new church, that they were willing to make any sacrifice to get it built.

The return to Babine was in the month of April and hardly had been accomplished when he was called to New Westminster. Then he came back from Babine on snow-shoes or on foot. Dog-teams were impossible owing to the softness of the snow which in places was merely mud. Then he went down the Skeena river by the first boat of the season to Port Essington. There he caught the C.P.R. boat to Vancouver. Coming to New Westminster all the fathers were surprised to see him, as it was supposed that no one could get out of that country before the month of June. He was asked if it were really himself or his shadow! Bishop Dentenwill wanted to know what he thought of the country in the north of B. C. He replied that when the railway came it ought to be a very good country and should be looked after.

The Indians were often remarking that they felt that he was not to be permanent, with them at Stuart Lake. They said "Now that you have put us on our feet, we are on the right road. But we are weak yet; if you leave us now, all the work of the winter will have been in vain." But if he could stay for two more years, then they would be well posted and strong, and if another priest came to them after that, there would be no difficulty in their leading a good Christian life.

[#] App. Note 3, p. 98.

The Bishop asked him if he would go back. He had no desire to do so, but said that if the Bishop wished it he would go, for he felt that it was a country with a great future, and it ought not to be neglected.

The Bishop was overjoyed, and said that he was greatly relieved, as he had not known what to do if the request had been refused.

Father Coccoia stayed round the coast for a time, and made a trip to St. Eugene, to see his friends there, and then towards the Fall started for the north, stopping for a rest at Williams Lake.

While there a telegram reached him from the Bishop urging him to lose no time on the way as there had been great trouble at Babine. He hurried on to Fort Fraser, and there another telegram awaited him. He wired to Hazelton to ascertain the cause of the trouble, and learned that the Government wanted the Indians to stop fishing according to their customary methods. These methods were to put in a barricade across the Babine River and catch the salmon in that way. Communications from Hazelton said that the Babines had withstood the Fish-Guardians with guns, and as a result there were eight men under arrest. The Chief of the Old Fort was one of the number, one of the most determined men there was in the north.

The father wired to Ottawa, exposing the situation and asking what he should suggest to the Indians, for the Indians were fighting for their rights, and an explanation was due to them, if possible. Therefore, should he advise them to surrender, or to resist? Because the men had taken to their guns, and gone off to the woods.

The answer was to surrender, by all means, and the Government would see that they would be protected. He was to arrange to go to Ottawa, with two of the most intelligent men of the Babines, so that the matter could be put clearly before the Government. The Indian Agent, and the Fish Commissioner at Port Essington were to come along as well.

The men surrendered, and went to Hazelton to give themselves up. There they had only a sham trial, as the general feeling was against the poor Indians, so they were sentenced to a term of imprisonment with hard labour at the Provincial Penitentiary.

He had left Fort Fraser at once, wired to the Babine leader to meet him at Stuart Lake with canoes, and then travelled day and night in all kinds of storms, in which even the Indians themselves were afraid. They would look at him to see how he was feeling. He would be whistling, and then they would say to one another. "He is

not afraid" and they would keep on rowing. Reaching Babine in the night, they fired a gun to let the people know that they had arrived, and all the town with lights came down to the shore. He knew already that the men had been sent to New Westminster, so he knew what the feeling in the place would be like. Therefore without getting out of the canoe, he cried out "Be of good heart, your men will be all right, and will soon be with you again."

Then getting out, he went to the church, heard Confessions during the night, gave Communion early in the morning, and left for Hazelton. The Indians of the town of Hagwilget, who had come out to meet the party, said, "Don't go to the town; the white people will stop you, and put you in gaol."

"Come along, and see if they will put us in gaol" he said, and they walked the streets of the town boldly. Contrary to the expectations of the Indians all the white people came up to him, greeted him and shook him by the hand. The telegraph operator approached him with an open telegram, which had been sent from Fort Fraser and transmitted to Hazelton. He read it, though he knew the contents beforehand. It was to inform him that the Minister had cancelled the sentences. Then he went to the telegraph office, and the operator said "There is something to pay on that telegram, a charge for transmission from Fort Fraser." But this attempt to 'put something over' him failed. "Something to pay. Do you take me for one of the savages? I am white, and know as much as you do, perhaps more; give me the blank forms for Ottawa. I have got my pockets full of money, but you won't get any of it. You made a mistake when you took me for a Siwash." The operator got scared and apologised, for the telegram was an open one, and he had not broken the seal so there was nothing to pay. But this is mentioned to show how necessary it was at all times to keep a firm hand over all the people, Indian and white, or he would have been taken advantage of at every possible opportunity.

Start was then made for Port Essington in the boat, and on coming to Kitsilas Canyon, where the boat has to go very slowly, they passed the other boat coming from Port Essington, having on board the Indians coming back from New Westminster. They saw each other, and then began to wave in great excitement, cheering one another.

He proceeded on his way to Ottawa, having with him two men asked for, one was named "Big George," the old chief of Babine, and the other "William Tzac," the sub-chief "Big George" got his name because of his imposing aspect, being over six feet tall, with a splendid physique. "William" was a shrewd man, very smart. As soon as they arrived at Ottawa, they went to the University to get their bearings.

The Rector of the University was Father Murphy, brother of the Hon. Mr. Justice Murphy, and a native born

man of British Columbia. And further, he found that the Bursar of the University was Father Corneillier, formerly of the Okanagan Mission. In this company they all felt very comfortable and at home.

At once they telephoned to the Minister of the Interior announcing their arrival and asking for an interview. Being late in the season, about the end of September, as the country would be deep in snow before very long, there was no time to lose, and they wanted to return as soon as possible.

The answer was that the Minister was very busy and they were not sure that an audience could be granted but they would send two cars to take the party around the city, and enable them to see the sights. They would be informed in due course when they could call at Government House. All the afternoon they were out touring with the two chiefs, when, passing by the Government House, they were stopped, and told that if possible they would be granted an interview that evening.

At the appointed time they were there, in the office of the Minister of the Interior, at that time, Mr. Frank Oliver. The Minister was sitting at a table, with the Minister of Fisheries on his right; the Deputy Minister of Indian Affairs on his left. All the other necessary officials and stenographers also were present, the whole scene being very impressive and formidable to the two chiefs.

The priest and the chiefs were placed to the left of the Minister of Fisheries and at once was asked where he had come from, and cross-examination commenced.

He saw that the Minister had a sheaf of papers under his elbow, and was picking up leaf after leaf, and getting his questions from them. Though he was far away he could see that all the papers came from Hazelton.

Then they asked the Chiefs if they were fishing for salmon as alleged. Certainly, that was their main food and support for themselves, families, and dogs. Their lives consisted in trapping, and it is the dried salmon that forms the bait. "Salmon is everything to us" they said.

Asked what method they adopted for fishing, they replied, "We drive pickets into the river and we have baskets; the salmon having a tendency to go up the stream, finding that they cannot go through the bars, come to the openings that have been left there in front of the baskets, into which they pass, and then cannot get out. When the baskets are full, they are raised up into the canoe, and they pick out the salmon."

"That will prevent the salmon from getting to the spawning grounds" said the Minister.

"No, plenty of salmon will find the way out, as the bars are not very close, and many salmon find their way up stream. Proof of this is that salmon fill up Babine Lake

and all the creeks emptying into Babine Lake are full of salmon eggs."

"Were you not asked by the Fish Guardians to stop barricading the river, and that nets would be provided to you, and that you could always get your supply of salmon without stopping the river?"

"We believed the word of the Fish Guardians, and we neglected to put up the fish barrier, but the nets supplied were too small and half-rotten, old ones, so that we nearly starved last year. We were not going to see the same trouble renewed again this year, and that is why we started to put in our barrier in the month of July this year. Then the Commission came with policemen and wanted to stop us from doing our work, threatening to bring a big force in and open war upon us. We did not pay any attention to it, but our men did not set any pickets; the women were doing this work. One of the Fish Guardians moved up to where the women were working and tried to stop them from making the pickets. The women were exasperated, and turned against the man, and threw him into the river, and a woman of about 250 pounds weight sat upon him.

Up to this point the assembly had sat silent, and sour, but here there was a roar of laughter from everyone.

"The Fish Guardians retired," the men continued, "but next day a blue paper came to six or seven of the men who were put under arrest."

Then the Minister said, "Were not you at the back of your women with your guns, ready to fire upon the police?" The Chiefs answered, "Naturally our men were there to see how things were going and they were not going to see their women abused, but no one had any guns, because it was not worth while for a few fish guardians."

As the cross examination was going on, and it was getting late, and the Chiefs were trembling and sweating before all the crowd, the priest now said to the Minister, "Will you allow me to speak to you direct?"; for before he had been acting as interpreter.

"Very well. Go ahead."

The priest said, "I see that you are taking your questions from the papers from Hazelton under your elbow, and I can tell you at once that they are a pack of lies. If you will allow me to explain, in two moments I can make the situation clear to you."

"The Fish Guardians that you have there, wish to please the Cannery men on the coast, and to show how clever they are, and that is how they started the trouble. The white men at Hazelton helped them in the persecution of the Indians, but why should the whites be so much against the poor Indians? For this reason. Because since I have been amongst them the Indians will not buy any more of their bad whiskey, and would not allow their

women to run free in the streets. That is the principal cause of the whole trouble."

All gave a great exclamation at this. Then the minister said, "That is clear enough. Now we have the key to the situation." Then he asked where the Indian agent was, and if the father had seen him. He replied that he had, in Hazelton, and there he had said that since the father was going to Ottawa, there was no need for him to go as well.

"Wire for him to come," said the Minister, "and say that he has got to be at all costs."

"Where is the Superintendent of Fisheries?" The Minister of Fisheries answered that so far he had not shown up.

"Wire for him to come at once."

Father Coccola here said that he personally had no interest in the affair, but for the sake of law and order and to protect the innocent, he was ready to, and did not hesitate to leave his district and answer the distant call.

The meeting now adjourned.

The following day he called at the office of the Minister of the Interior, and though the waiting-room held people ahead of himself, he sent in his card and was given the preference to come in first.

Then he gave the minister the situation of affairs for the whole district. How the Indians were law abiding and well disposed to improve themselves, but the whites did not like to see the Indians keep the laws, and something would have to be done to protect the Indians. They spoke of the agricultural land of the country up north; of the long and severe winters they had there; how the Indian had not the produce of the country to support him, and how they could not expect to keep on hunting unless they had plenty of salmon; how he was hoping that the Minister would consider the situation seriously and pay no attention to the remarks that would come from those who have no interest in the welfare of the Indians. Then excusing himself for taking up so much time, he tried to leave the room, but the minister said that he was glad to have had the opportunity to learn so much about northern British Columbia.

In due course the Indian Agent arrived, and the Superintendent of Fisheries in B. C. (Skeena district) also and then the sessions resumed.

The Superintendent had at his right hand to help him, the principal actor in the "Babine affair" and the Minister of the Interior asked them what they had to say. They started to describe the Babine people as a very lazy tribe, who would not work, and were troublesome to the whites. The Minister, vexed, stood up and exclaimed, "We know about the Babines. Talk fish business." They started to explain how the Indians were barricading

the river, and soon it would be the ruin of the salmon, as they could not get to the spawning grounds. Then Fr. Coccola got up and said that the Indian method did not prevent the salmon from getting through, and the creeks were all full of spawning salmon. In the early ages, when the Indians were more numerous than now, and had no guns, they were altogether dependent upon the salmon. Year after year they were plentiful. Today, if salmon is less, it is not because the Indian is the cause of it, but too many canneries, and the dumping of the refuse of the salmon into the creeks. Many a time the whole scow-load was dumped into the sea, because they were unable to get cans before the fish went bad and spoiled. It was these practises that caused the shortage of salmon.

He could see that he had the sympathy of the whole house, but as yet they had no solution of the problem, and every day he kept going to the House, urging them to come to some conclusion, as he was anxious to return to his district. But they were waiting for the member for the Skeena district to decide. Every day he called, until he met the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who received him very kindly, and understood conditions in a few words, and told him that there was to be a meeting with the Minister, and that an answer would be given to him.

On one of his many visits, he told the Secretary of Indian Affairs that he knew that his presence in his office so often was not very agreeable to him. "But you will see me every morning until you agree to grant me my proper rights, or put me in gaol."

The Secretary asked him from what country he came.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"Just for curiosity I should like to know."

"Then I am a Corsican" he said.

"No wonder you are such a fighter," said the secretary.

"I am no fighter. I am a Conqueror," laughed Fr. Coccola.

"Go and travel about," begged the secretary, "See something of the country while you are waiting. You have only seen B. C. Now see Quebec."

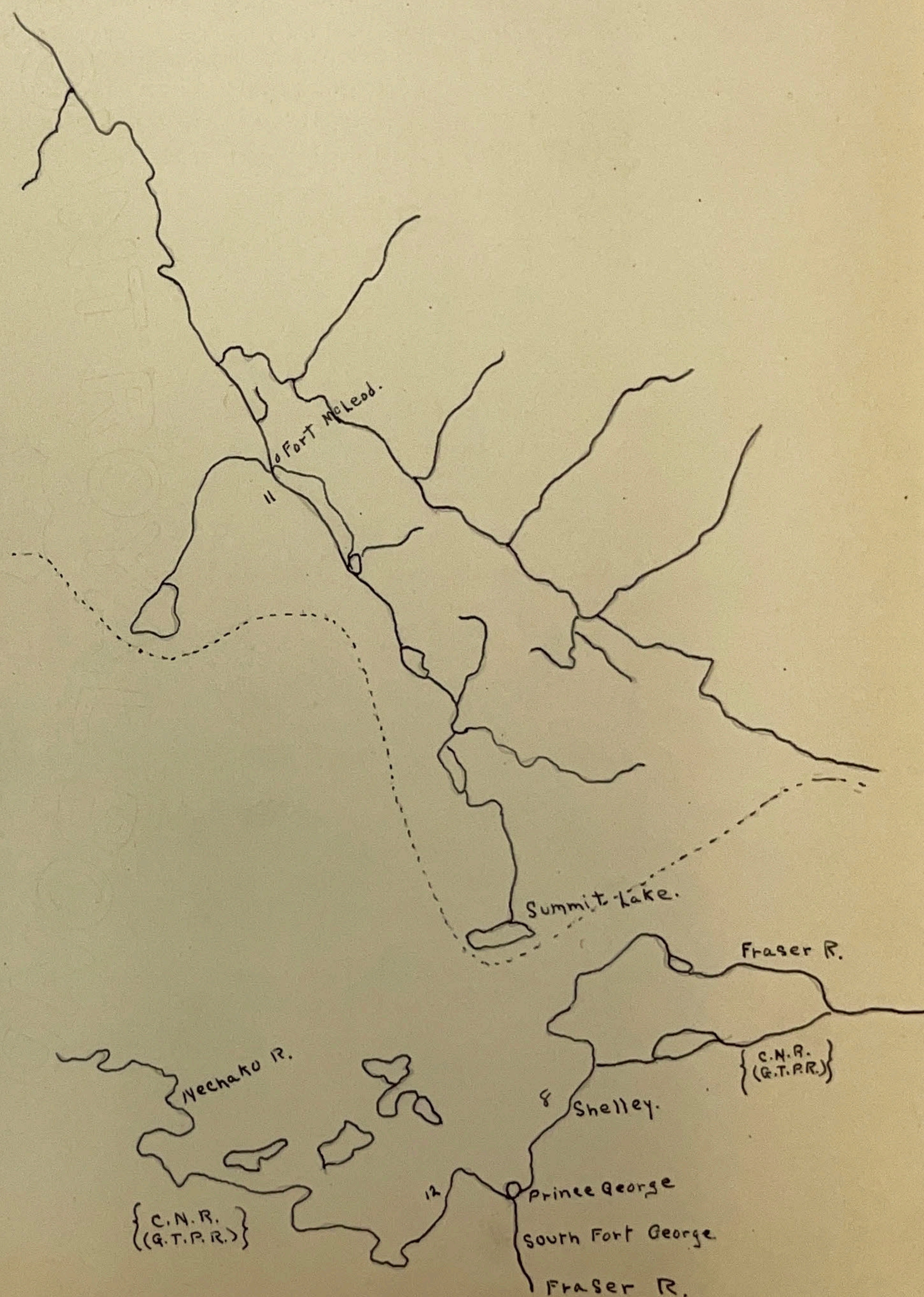
So he travelled around and met Lord Shaughnessy who thanked him for the work that he had done on the construction line about twenty years before. He also gave him transportation on all the C.P.R. lines if he wanted it.

At last, returning to Ottawa, the agreement was entered into, that the Indians should have all the nets they needed and that they should be replaced every year if required. That schools should be established for the children. Farm implements should be given to them and some good piece of land, fit for agriculture, should become part of the Reserve.

The party then returned, but found Port Essington blocked with ice. The chiefs made their way by the Kitimat Trail up the Skeena, while Fr. Coccola went to

Vancouver for the winter. As soon as the road opened in the spring, he returned to Stuart Lake.

1. Fort George.
2. South Fort George.
3. Prince George. Sacred Heart church
4. Central Fort George.
5. Old Village.
6. Bridge.
7. New Village.
8. Shelley. Church St. Francis
9. Summit Lake.
10. Crooked River.
11. McLeod's Lake. Holy Cross.
12. Nechacho River. Church St. Louis
13. Fraser River.
14. Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. (Now C.N.R.)
15. Height of Land.....



The Stony Creek Indians.

The Indians of Stony Creek, ten miles south of Vanderhoof, have built a beautiful church, consecrated by Bishop Buno on June 24, 1924.

The Stony Creek tribe is one of the most prosperous of the Indian Reserves. There are about 200 head of cattle there; poultry, eggs and butter which they sell to the white people. They send their children to school at Fraser Lake. It was a difficult matter to get them to cultivate the land, and start working upon it. Right from the altar he would tell them that the man who had no land in the congregation and no stock, would soon become a thief, for the reason that furs were getting scarce, and a man having to eat, if they could not produce food, had to go and steal it. He did not care, he said, to have a man come to shake hands, unless he had a farm to his credit. Then the Chief came to him and said, "Why do you always talk about work and the land? Why don't you talk about prayers. That's what we expect from you. Talk about God's word. That's your work."

The priest replied, "It is God's Word that I give you. God said, 'By the sweat of your brow shall ye eat bread.'"

"Is that in God's Book?" asked the Chief, When he was convinced, then he submitted.

During the 'flu,' one third of the population were carried away. He would bury four or five every night. As all were sick at the same time he had only a few men to help him. As soon as some of the boys got strong enough they had to chop wood for the sick and dig trenches for the dead, because separate graves would mean too much work. He was amongst them day and night, giving medicine and seeing the fires were burning during the nights. Chief and Watchmen came to him, and kneeling at his feet said that they had neglected to follow the recommendations to keep away from drinking and dancing, and now they were being punished for it, and asked him to pray to God for mercy, and to save the Camp.

When the sickness had stopped and people were getting better, they said "We have to thank you that the camp has not been wiped out. Had you not been here the whole would have died."

His work at that time was not confined to the Indians. The doctor of Vanderhoof was away. Protestants and Catholics alike all called to him to visit their sick which meant travelling at night, changing teams during the same night.

People would say "How is it that you Catholic Priests fear nothing and never look for rest? Our

Protestant ministers when the flu broke out would close their doors, go nowhere, nor let anybody come around the house. It seems nothing to you, But for us, we have great admiration...."

"I am here in the country, not for my own good but for the good of the people" he would say, "and am glad to do it for them. I have no family ties to keep me behind,"

Just at that time the people were dying around Stuart Lake with the flu. The two priests that were there were down with it, in bed, and he was 'phoned for to go up. He landed there in the night and went around the camp in the morning and found 14 corpses and no one to bury them! Then he ordered that those who were able to work at all must dig the trenches and bury them all. He remained around there as long as sickness was claiming victims, but after a week, things began to look better and then he started on a visit to the camps.

FORT GEORGE.

Every spring after April 26 (for only after that date the ice would leave a passage for the canoe) he would leave Stuart Lake and go to Fort George, which is situated at the confluence of the Nechaco and the Fraser Rivers. (The word Nechaco is composed of two words INCHA, meaning BIG, and KHO, meaning WATER, referring to the size of the river. The English form does not do justice to the real word.)

These trips were always hazardous, on account of the rapids they had to encounter. The principal ones were the isle de Pierre, and the Mud River Canyon. When they came down to the canyon, all in the boat were very silent, especially when they only had dug outs, and pale, wondering if they would pass the canyon safely. The Captain, his eyes bulging out of his head, was watching the movements of the waters. When he sees the whirlpool forming, he gives orders to hold back the canoe. When the pool fills up and forms a level surface so that the canoe can go ahead, the sharp order is given and all paddle furiously...the danger passed, taking in more or less water, they go at once to shore to dry themselves and to empty the canoes and discuss the danger they had passed by.

Isle de Pierre, may become a very important point if the pulp mill that is being talked about can be established in Fort George or district. The river could be dammed at that point and they would have a great supply of water.

In Fort George the Indians had a beautiful church built by themselves and kept very neat and tidy; so much so that the white people, when the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway began to be talked about, and a townsite was located at South Fort George, would find

their great pleasure in coming to the Indian church and the Indians out of politeness would move away and from the windows and doors of the building take part in the services and allow the white visitors to sit in.

That Reserve is now out of existence. With the construction of the railway, thousands of people would flock around the country and much that was demoralizing was noticed among the railway builders. He told his people to be very careful to keep away from liquor. Everything went on well for three years, but when they began to build the great bridge over the Fraser River, the Indians camp was between two fires. The hundreds of people that were working on the bridge going down to South Fort George to get their liquor, passing by the Indians camp would drop bottles, and that was too much for the younger generation. But to the credit of the camp, the morality was kept in high esteem. But when he saw the boys drinking, he was afraid that little by little the rest of the camp would be infected. He told his people that if they would behave they would never be removed from the reserve, to which he knew they were very much attached. For there they had nice homes, a church and grave yard, and little gardens. But if they would not behave, he would see that they were moved away. Then one winter that he had come down there, breaking through the ice of the Nechaco, so that the tobaggans floated on the water, with the provisions lost and making Fort George with great difficulty in the night, he could hear the Indian boys being very noisy. On asking the reason from the Chief, he was told that drinking was the cause of it.

Then he said, "We must move." Already he had examined the country around and 16 miles up the Fraser River he had found a beautiful location, with rich meadows and ground ready to be cultivated. He at once decided that the Indians should move there. Naturally many objections were made, and the principal one was the grave yard. They were told that the dead would be moved right to the new place if they so desired, or that they would put an iron fence around the graveyard, which had been consecrated and the dead would be respected.

Then the question was of the homes. He promised to get enough money to build a new town, with better houses than what they had then, more modern houses, with all the comforts that a man needs to enjoy life. Many expressed a desire to move, especially the old chiefs who was a good man, and who said that for many nights he could not sleep on account of the noise. So as they were divided, he called for votes, and one way or another influenced the camp so well that the majority were for moving.

The government was also insisting upon the move, but knew well that unless the move were made with the full consent of the tribe there would be an impossible

situation created, and had written to the Bishop to urge that the priest should use his influence.

To the many would be buyers that presented themselves, he would have nothing to do, until a man came with a telegram from the Indian Department authorising him to buy. He examined the man and studied his ways and found that he could deal with him, and came to an arrangement that he would pay \$150,000 for the Reserve; and that a certain portion of the new townsite should be reserved for Catholic purposes. Institutes, schools, hospitals or church and such buildings. Then he wrote to the Department and told of the deal, but when the authorities of the G.T.P.Ry head of it they influenced the Department to cancel the deal saying that the buyer had no authority to make the purchase, though he had shown a telegram to that effect. Then the G.T.P. came themselves as buyers. But he had left everything there standing, having come to no conclusion, and had gone to Babine, when a messenger brought a telegram from the Department, right in the heart of the mountains, stating that the man who was authorized to buy would be at Fort George, in a months time and begging him to go down there and make the deal. But he was so much displeased at what had been done before, that he said that he would have nothing more to do with it, and they could look after their own business.

But the Indians told the messenger, when he put in an appearance at the camp, to get out, as they would only deal through Father Coccola, and would do nothing without him. At the same time he was wondering in his mind, whether he ought not to get the Indians removed for their own good, and did not know whether to go down or not. Then the Indians wired to him asking what they should do.

He replied that they had better sell on the same conditions as had been arranged previously. Which was done. And that was how the Fort George Indian Reserve became Prince George.

Then the majority of the Indians moved 16 miles up the Fraser River, across the river from Shelley, and a town was built there for them. There is a beautiful church in the center, with stained glass windows. The other portion of the people went about 9 miles up the Nechaco River, where a town was built for them and a church was erected, thus doubling his work.

(4)

North of Fort George lies McLeod. Visits were paid to that camp from Stuart Lake first, as there was a trail kept up by the H. B. Co. The trail being practically abandoned by the H. B. Co. became almost obliterated. Then he visited there from Prince George, going to Summit Lake first, across the lake and down Crooked River, and so reached McLeod, where there is a beautiful little church, built by the Indians. From there, there was another camp at Fort Graham, where (5) a church is to be built. There had been about 60 people here, but the flu has carried off quite a number of them.

(4) and (5) See Appendix Notes 4 & 5 pp. 99, 100.

BEAR LAKE.

Bear Lake people, about 140 miles north of Babine Lake had sent delegates to Babine asking for the priest to visit them, and this met with the desires of the priest himself. The trip to Bear Lake was first made from Babine to Takla Lake on horseback. From there canoe was taken over the twenty five miles to Driftwood River. At the mouth of Driftwood (which is well named) the party had to slide the canoes over logs, jammed in such a way as to make a solid floor. For many miles they could see a beautiful country. Big flats where hay was growing to a great height. They could see also on both banks of the river, trees cut down, and trails like those of pack horses on the prairie. He asked the Indians if white men had passed by, or if a surveying party had been there. They laughed at him and said that it was the work of the beaver. You will see tonight at our first camp, they said; that will be at six o'clock. As soon as six o'clock came, you could hear the cracking of the branches and the trees, and the beaver was making his premises of cotton wood, dropping trees from six to eight inches in diameter. They cut them with their teeth, packing them to their river lodges, as the beaver feeds on the bark of the poplar and the cotton wood. The Indians had set traps coming down the river, and now at every turn they would get some beaver. So they had plenty of food on the way up as well as fur. There were many places where the canoe had to be pushed by the men on account of the boulders, and they could take short cuts on foot themselves on the work of the beaver.

For there were immense dams across the gullies which formed new lakes, and the width of the dam would be about 8 feet; so wide that a team of horses could pass along without any danger. After four days of travelling, climbing the Driftwood River, they left the river to go around the swamps in the direction of Bear Lake.

They had to slide the canoes on the grass for a long distance, taking advantage of certain points where they could paddle their canoes. After this the Beaver came to the rescue by building dams just at the point where they would leave the river to get into the swamps, making vast lakes of them. In coming to the entrance of these swamps they had only to remove some of the obstructions, like a log, and pass the canoe through. The same was done on the return journey, as the river was shallow, not only because there was little water in it but also because of the big boulders sticking out. They then opened the dam and the canoe would be carried away by the current.

The people of Fort Graham, knowing that the priest would be at Bear Lake at this time, would come a long distance, some 200 miles, and bring their children for Baptism, and new couples to get married, or to have their unions blessed. The priest needed two or three interpreters, who could speak the Hazelton language, the Bear lake and the Sikannes, (Fort Graham) languages.

A nice church was built and a bell purchased while a beautiful crucifix about a man's size was placed above the altar. There was there an agglomeration of people of different tribes, so that the priest had to be careful not to cause any jealousy by showing preference amongst them.

After a week of instruction the priest returned the Driftwood river was made navigable by opening the beaver dams, so that it was possible to increase the flow of the stream. Then instead of returning to Babine, the party kept on going to Takla Lake, which was traversed from end to end. Then by way of Middle River a trip was made to Trembleur Lake, which was crossed with great difficulty on account of the sudden storms that arise. The lake is well named as it is almost always "trembling," the legend being that a family being drowned in the lake seek always to engulf others and drag them down so that they may keep the family company in the depths below.

Some day Bear Lake will be a good mining country. Ore of different descriptions was shown to the priest by the Indians of great value. Coal also which had been assayed at New York, giving splendid returns. These coal seams must be the continuation of the Ground Hog Mountain.

An English capitalist had sent men to locate a railway, which was to start at Dean Inlet near Bella Coola, tapping Ground Hog, passing by Bear Lake, following Takla Lake, touching Stuart Lake, passing McLeod, and aiming to reach the Peace River district at Grand Prairie. But the man died and as yet nothing has been done.

When the Indians were looked after, the white population was not neglected. As fast as they could come into the country, the Indians would report to the priest where the families had located here and there, and they would tell the priest and take him to those families. Mass was said in their homes and the population increasing along the G.T.P. railway, sawmills being built, the priest would call at those places every second month.

McBride, being a divisional point, and numbering a few families, a beautiful church was built there. A gentleman of Montreal passing by, donated the statue of St. Joseph; the statue of the Assumption was the gift of the children, and the one of the Sacred Heart was purchased by the congregation, with a nice bell, which by the harmonious sound pleased even the protestants, and people could worship in a church instead of a house and approach the Sacraments, which since were well frequented.

TAKLA LAKE.

About the middle of the lake are the Old and New Landings. The Old Landing had at one time a population of its own in the days of the excitement of the discoveries of gold at Omineca Creek. At the New Landing the Indians had a large scow for the accomodation of travellers, since the width of the lake is about two miles.

It was in the Ingenika direction that two white men were found by the Babine Indians, when out trapping. The Indians asked them what they were doing. The white men answered that they proposed to locate gold, and intended to stay for the winter, so that they might be on the spot in the early spring, and be ready for operations. The Indians told them that the season is very cold in that country, and asked them where their provisions were. They replied, "We have beans and bacon, and rice," "But that won't last you a month," said the Indians, "What will you do then?" "We have our guns," they said. "Your guns will be of no use in the winter, for the bears will be in their dens, the Beaver in their lodges, and the Moose and Deer will go where they can find something to eat. You cannot find and depend upon game all the winter through."

Convinced at last of the danger they were in, the white men asked what they had better do. They were advised to accompany the Indians to their next camp. Although the white men had only one pair of snow-shoes they joined the party, the Indians beating the trail ahead of them, so as to make it easy for them to travel.

As time went by, and the white men began to get hungry, and the Indians supplies were running short, they told the men that they must be at Babine for Christmas, as the priest would be there for certain, and they saw him so seldom that they would not miss it for anything in the world. The distance to be travelled was about 150 miles, and the two whites said, "Are you going to leave us behind?" The Indians said "No, we will beat the trail for you. The toboggans will take your blankets, and so it will not be too hard for you to follow on behind."

Coming to a point where the Indians said to the men, "Keep on going in a straight line ahead of you, and in about six miles there is a good camp ~~fer~~ of Indians, with plenty of grub, and they will take good care of you. For ourselves, we must part here, because we must go and see to our traps, which we left here, but we will be back tomorrow." The white men, not having the Indians any more to beat the trail for them, were making but slow progress, the younger of the two lagging behind. The elder man seeing a bunch of dead trees with which to make a fire began to build a camp, hoping that his friend,

attracted by the light, would soon come up with him. But just after this, a very heavy storm of snow, with wind, arose, that was felt in Babine, and the priest that night, felt pity for any traveller in such a storm. Seeing that his friend did not come, the older men went back on his tracks, but it was so dark, and the snow was falling so heavily, that he did not dare to go out of sight of the fire. Then he returned to his camp, fired all the cartridges that he had in the hope that he might attract the other, but nothing was to be seen.

In the morning, he started to retrace his steps, but as he afterwards said, he had lost his bearings. The Indians came back from visiting their traps, and found a pile of snow. Thinking that there must be something underneath it, they kicked the snow off, and found the body of the younger man, stiff and cold; dead, with a piece of candle in his hand.

The Indians could not help crying, saying, "What did our efforts amount to. One dead, and we don't know where the other may be."

They reached the Indian camp, six miles ahead of them and asked if they had seen anything of a white man around. The answer was negative, and they made up their minds to go out and search for him. At this moment he approached, played out, starved and cold. They gave him food, and made him lie down in warm blankets. After he had had a sleep they told him of the death of his partner. They asked, "What shall we do as Christians?" The man answered, "You know better than I. I don't know what to do."

The Indians then took fresh dogs with the toboggan, and went to fetch the body. Finding that he was a Catholic by the scapular and beads, they split some logs, dug a grave and buried him with prayers. This done, the crowd started for Babine.

As soon as they reached home, the Indians told the priest about the death of the white man, and he went to see the survivor. He was not a Catholic, though his partner was. He gave him some of the Mass wine to revive him, and some chocolates, kept as delicacies and for emergencies, and after a week's rest, the Indians took him to Hazelton, with a letter to the Coroner and to the Gold Commissioners, explaining how the man had been brought in, and how his friend had died; and asking the government through them, to obtain some recognition and reward for the Indians. Not money, he said, but medals recording the facts to encourage such charitable acts. The government accordingly sent along some suitably engraved medals which were much appreciated by the Indians.

This was not an isolated instance of devotion on the part of the Indians towards the white people. Another prospector had "black leg" (i.e. scurvy) and was unable to move; he was brought in to Babine, by some Indians

The priest attended to him, and sent him to the hospital at Hazelton, as soon as he was able to be moved. This man is living yet, and is very wealthy, and when the Indians come around, he will open his house to them saying, "Some white people are surprised that I am so good to the Indians, but you and they saved my life and I shall never forget it. I am only too glad to be able to show my gratitude."

Another circumstance: A man came to Babine saying "I left my partner on the trail down with rheumatism, and unable to move." The priest at once told some Indians to go for him. One of the strongest Indians in the tribe left at once with his dogs and blankets, and the sick man was safely brought into camp.

The white people of today have no use for the Indians, but if they knew more of what the Indians have done for the whites in the early days, this disposition would soon be very different.

In a trip that Fr. Coccoia had made on horseback, from Hazelton to Fort Fraser, on coming to Burns Lake after the sixth day on the road, it struck him as a point of importance even then, before the railroad came. What made him think so was that he saw to the north of the lake, Babine Lake, with its good land and great mineral locations, and only a distance of twenty-five miles away; to the south, the valley of Francois Lake, with Uncha Lake, Cheslatta Lake, and Utsa Lake, which have already some settlers on their shores.

Burns Lake, being on the main trail and having the telegraph line running through it, is bound to be a central point. True, there were at that time only a few Indians at Burns Lake, and no white families at all. But he made up his mind to build there so that he could have a stopping-place for himself; and with a church there he could have the Indians of the surrounding district, like those located at Forestdale today, numbering about six families and those of Uncha Lake, 18 miles away, to come and receive instruction there.

Soon the Indians at Cheslatta Lake, hearing that a priest was travelling through the country, called for him. His first trip was made in a sledge from Fraser Lake, 12 miles by land in winter. Arrived at Francois Lake the ice was good, and they were calculating to make fast time, when the wind started to blow, and to bring the snow from the hillside down on the lake, and making it fly under the sledge, the wind being against them. This made both the men and horses so dizzy, that they had to stop every two hours, in order to rest their eyes and give courage to the horses. At last they came to a point where

there was a crack across the lake from shore to shore. After studying the position, they thought that the only way to get across, was to take the "bed" off the sledge, bridge the crack with it, and transport the horses and themselves that way. Late at night they came to Keef Landing, finding some Catholics there. Mass was said, giving the people an opportunity of attending to their religious duties, as they had not seen a priest for a long time. In the morning they resumed their travelling by land, hoping to reach Utsa Lake the same night. But the roads were not then like they are now, and there was very little traffic at that time. So here and there, taking some fresh tracks that came their way, they were calling upon the different farmers, but to their disappointment, missed the road.

Yet there is no ill-wind that does not blow good to some one. They found people with broken arms, people with tooth-ache; children suffering from causes unknown to their parents; all were in despair at being so far away from a doctor. Making use of his medical knowledge and the medicines that he carried with him, he brought relief to many persons whom he now met for the first time.

They reached the lake after hard travelling, on the day after, and met there the Morgan family whom he had known in the days of the C.P.R. construction. There was great rejoicing, and they were well treated, and so were the horses. They were away on the following day, travelling to Utsa Lake, in an easterly direction. Travellers have to be careful on the lake in the middle of winter, for there are many spots that are apt to be kept clear of ice by warm springs. It was in the afternoon that they reached a place called "Louis' Dumping Ground," so called from the fact that Chief Louis of Cheslatta Lake was in the habit of coming here with his family, to hunt and watch his horses feeding in the rolling land, rich in bunch grass, and about fourteen miles from the head of Cheslatta Lake. The party stayed there overnight, and men were despatched over Utsa Lake to let the Indians know that the priest would be at Cheslatta. It was on this trip from Utsa to Cheslatta that he noticed iron stains, and on looking round saw a mountain showing iron, and that people had been working there, but not enough to justify working it.

The camp on Cheslatta Lake is divided into three parts:

1. Located at the Head of the Lake.
2. In the middle of the Lake, where the Chief has his quarters.
3. At the outlet of the lake, where the majority of the Indians live.

Preaching at the end of the lake and having the families from afar off coming, he had a nice little crowd, and everyone understood the necessity of having a church built.

The point to be discussed was "Where to build it?" The Chief naturally wanted it at the place where he lived, so that those coming from the east would not have so far to go. But as the majority of the people lived at the end of the lake, and insisted upon the church being built there, and because that point could be reached on horse-back from Fort Fraser, which would be much more convenient for the priest, in not having to be dependent on a canoe in making the trip, when he saw the people getting pretty hot over the discussion, he gave no decision at that time, but before he left, the people at the end of the lake, went to work and built a beautiful church of their own design, to which he added a plan for a steeple. As the church was then built, the question was decided. After that, finding that the way round by Francois Lake was too long, he cut a trail, which much shortened the trip. The two trails were not quite the same in summer and winter, but not far apart.

All this goes to show that if it were not for the Indians, the whole country and those living therein, would be quite unknown to the priest.

Travelling in winter does not afford much opportunity for sleep. First, because on account of the low temperature ranging from 20 to 50 below zero, and sometimes lower, it is not possible to go into a deep sleep, for fear that one may not wake up again, and be found frozen stiff in the morning.

In the second place, a shortness of daylight forces an early start at 2 o'clock. Everybody is up at that hour, and profit by the northern lights or the moonlight. If neither light is available, then lanterns must be used.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Captain of the caravan looks for a group of dead trees which are still standing, to provide fire for the night. No other trees are used for the reason that only dead trees standing, will keep the fire going all night. As soon as the trees are found, the captain, who has full control of the movements, calls a "halt." All come then to a dead stop. As every man in the party has his own duty to perform, all know what to do.

Here, one is chopping the trees. The man in charge of the camp starts to remove the snow with the snow-shoes. Bushes or boughs from the green trees are placed around in a circle, so as to protect the camp, leaving room in the centre for a fire. The cook disposes of the provision box so that everything is handy for cooking, and to protect it from the dogs. Tents are pitched in a circle, so as to keep the wind from the fire, and let all the sparks and smoke go straight up. This keeps the men busy until 5 o'clock and then supper is served, and all enjoy their dry fish, and sometimes a piece of bacon. After that conversation goes on; the priest gives a lesson in astronomy, or some similar subject.

He tells of the different discoveries made by priests in various parts of the world; the compass, gun-powder, and medicines.

This is followed by evening prayer, a short instruction taken from the Bible, and then all are ordered to sleep. Silence reigns, knowing that all have to move early in the morning again.

By that time two men have already left the camp, beating the trail, returning to camp about 12 or one o'clock. The cool, night will harden the snow so compactly that the dogs will make good time. Everything is good enough, if there is no fresh snow, but when that happens, then the travelling becomes very difficult indeed. The dogs will disappear into the soft snow, and they cannot pull. There have been times when not more than ten miles a day have been progressed, the men pulling the toboggans themselves, and then all the grease, lard or bacon will be used up to rub the toboggan to make it slide.

On one of these hard trips, when the party was about half way from Babine to Hazelton, discouraged at the little progress that was being made, provisions for both men and dogs were running low, having to beat the trail all the way, a party of prospectors met them, also pulling a toboggan of seven dogs, but heavily loaded. They were so delighted to meet them, as they then knew that the trail would be broken for the rest of the journey. The prospectors were so glad in their turn, for the same reason, that they gave a large sum of money to Fr. Cocco's party, so that they could have a good time on reaching Hazelton, to make up for the hardships that they had endured previously.

FORT FRASER.

On first going to Stuart Lake his ambition had been to do there as he had done at St. Eugene in the Kootenays. That is to get in stock and start farming, and apply to the government for schools right away. But he soon found out that these things were impossible. He planted....but it froze three times in one season. The result was....the loss of the crop. Wheat grew plentifully, but did not ripen altogether. Frozen as it was he threshed it, and sold it for 10 cents per pound. Then he gave it up and kept on travelling all through the district. But at present it has changed in the most wonderful manner. They now grow potatoes, wheat, and oats. This is due to the clearing of the land, and the constant cultivation.

Application was made to the government for a boarding school, but the idea was considered too premature, as it was novel, and it would be difficult to bring the material there for a school building.

But when the Babine troubles over the fishing came and he was called to Ottawa, one condition of pacifying the country was that a school was to be built, so that parents, released from the care of the children could spend their time in hunting.

Renewing application to the government for the school, the answer was that the G.T.P. Railway was about to be built and that they had better wait until that took place for the school.

Then they built for themselves a large log building with the intention of beginning the work, but seeing the difficulty of getting promises satisfied themselves with a day school. From a day school, finding that they could get some Sisters, additions were made to the first building and a school was opened, receiving a grant from the government. Having to bring the provisions from Vanderhoof, they represented to the government that the work could not be continued much longer and that now that the railroad was built and the war over, the government should hold to the promise they had given to build a school in the locality they had picked out years ago. Today the school stands on a beautiful piece of ground on the shores of Fraser Lake, with the railroad at its door. A post office and flag station called Lejac, after the former famous missionary of the district completes the scene.

It is designed with all modern conveniences, steam heated, with electric light, laundries and a beautiful chapel. The accomodation is for 150 children. There are 8 Sisters, and an assistant priest, an engineer and electrician, blacksmith, carpenter, and three farmers, all white people.

Before the coming of the railway he was visiting the whole district; often alone; sometimes with an assistant.

At Babine they built a new church, finished inside with a metallic ceiling; all the timber of the frame was sawn by hand by the Indians. People cannot understand how the material came there, said the priest, but it was brought in on the ice right from Burns Lake, taking advantage of the winter for that work. The Church was beautifully finished inside and outside, and travellers are amazed to see the beautiful statues that decorate the interior.

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The Denes have their own prayer book in phonetic written characters, the first part contains the Catechism. Then follow morning and night prayers; prayers for Communion; Hymns.

For some time they published their own journal, giving all the news of the district, with a paragraph on the Scriptures.

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Teaching Catechism the class came to the subject of Holy Communion. One of the Indians was asked "Why did Our Lord hide himself under the appearance of Bread and Wine?" The Indians answered,

"Our Lord after his resurrection went up to Heaven in all His splendour, and now in the Holy Eucharist he is as in Heaven. Can you look at the Sun? My eyes could not do it. Our Lord is the author of the Sun and is brighter than the Sun, but as He wanted to stay with us and become our Food, He hid Himself under the appearance of Bread."

Recently a strange story of cruelty and death has been reported in the press from the far north of the province. A man accused of being a sorcerer and of causing the run of ill luck, deaths and other troubles that his tribe were suffering from was brutally killed and now the R.C. M.P. are bringing the people concerned down to the courts of justice of the white man.

The reports finished with the comment that these northern tribes seldom come in contact with white men, and there are few if any missionaries in that portion of the province.

There are Catholic missions up north but they don't go so far as the Liard river where the tragedy took place. Father N. J. Coccola, the well known priest from Fort Fraser, who is at present at St. Paul's Hospital, on being questioned about that part of the world, said that it would take a priest practically the whole year to make a mission to those people. Also as they are nomadic in their habits, it would be impossible to stay with them at any headquarters, as is done with the Babine, and the other tribes that he has worked amongst for the last 19 years.

To get to them, it would be necessary to go to Prince Rupert from Fort Fraser and then make for Telegraph Creek, where the Hudson's Bay Co. has a store.

Mr. C. H. French, in the "Beaver", the company's magazine, gives the following account of how to get to the store: "Located on the Stikine River at the head of navigation 162 miles from Wrangel, Alaska, it became the front door to that 'big game' country known as the Cassiar.

It is reached by C.P.R. steamer, Vancouver to Wrangel, 634 miles; and by gas boat, Wrangel to Telegraph Creek, 162 miles. Winter mail route (bi-monthly, limit 100 pounds per trip) C.P.R. steamer, Vancouver to Skagway, 1000 miles; railroad, Skagway to Carcross, 50 miles; horse sleigh, Carcross to Atlin, 50 miles; dogs to Telegraph Creek, 200 miles.

The northern party constructing the Yukon telegraph line commenced operations from this point, leaving the river by a small creek flowing into the Stikine. It was called Telegraph Creek, the town getting this name in consequence."

But even when at Telegraph Creek the journey to the Liard is only just begun.

Let Fr. Coccola tell his own story.

"The woman from the Liard and four other Indians brought down to court accused of cruelty towards one of their tribe, who was tied up and left for six days on a frozen

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lake causing his death, brings before the public the neglect on the part of the missionaries towards this part of the country.

The fact is that a priest from the Mackenzie made many attempts to reach these people, who living a nomadic life were hard to reach, and in one circumstance the priest found one of their groups, who pitched their tents and he began to give instructions. But after a few days, the Indians said "We have no more food. Allow us to go around for a hunt, and we will come back in a short time." The priest waited, but seeing his own provisions getting low, had to return alone to his headquarters almost exhausted.

For myself, visiting for the last few years at Telegraph Creek, enquiring from some of the tribe who came to me about the location of their people, they said that they would not remain in one place for any length of time and that it would be almost impossible to say where they could be found, and that being accused of casting spells on some that had died, they were afraid to go back amongst their own kindred.

The Yukon diocese, to which I belong, covers an immense territory, keeping us busy visiting even once a year only the whites or Indians that we have located, and there being only a few priests we cannot undertake to go for uncertain to the neglect of the certain.

However this summer one of our missionaries, who succeeded me in the charge of Telegraph Creek had planned to visit the Dease and Liard and see if it would be advisable to establish a mission house in that vast region.

The belief of casting spells is much in vogue among the Indians, even in our well instructed camps. When any Indian, if a person of some prominence, dies or lingers in sickness for some time, it is considered that he is labouring under a spell, and the friends ask the magician or the one causing the spell, to recall it or threaten him with death, or other punishment. For us the Liard district can only be reached by the Stikine river during the three months of navigation, or by the Telegraph trail, which is a long and difficult one at all times, when the snow is not too deep."

It will be seen therefore that if missionaries have not as yet done much towards teaching these northern tribes, it is because their numbers are far too few, and the difficulties have been too great, to justify the work. With the further opening of the country and an increase in the number of candidates for the priesthood, much may be hoped for in the future.

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APPENDIX:

NOTE. 1. From the "Beaver." by C. H. French & W. Ware.

FORT ST. JAMES. (See p. 64)

After the opening of McLeod's Lake post in 1805, Fort St. James was the next to receive attention. This post came into being as a fur trade point in the spring of 1806, and it was destined to play a prominent part in the organizing of the several other posts established in central British Columbia; indeed it became famous as the head of New Caledonia district.

The lake on which it is situated still retains its original name of Stuart's Lake. It is forty one miles north of Vanderhoof and connected by a fairly good wagon road, so that after leaving the Canadian National Railroad one can reach the post by automobile within four hours.

It is further modernized by having a telegraph and telephone system as well as having weekly mail, school, catholic church and a population of about seventy five whites and three hundred and twenty five Indians.

It is being featured as a tourist resort, many beautiful lakes and rivers being easily reached from it, while it is considered to be the front door to the Omineca mining country.

The fort was modernized by Chief Factor Roderick McFarlane, who completely rebuilt it in about 1880, excepting the main dwelling and one warehouse. The warehouse, still known as the Graham warehouse, was built by Chief Factor Graham about 1872, while the dwelling was built by Chief Factor Connelly in 1862 and still stands a monument of economy, carefulness and good service.

From 1806 until 1890 the affairs of the country bounded by the Rocky Mountains, the Fraser river, Skeena and the Coast range of mountains were all taken care of by Fort St. James, there being subservient to it, Ft. Alexandra, Ft. George, Fraser's Lake, McLeod's Lake, Bear Lake, and Babine Lake.

Up to 1890 I think every high official in the Company's service in British Columbia had his headquarters at this fort at some time.

The climate is dry, but for seventy years the Company has grown field and garden crops with distinct success. Live stock also thrives. Flies may be considered a drawback. The altitude of Fort St. James is 2200 feet.

NOTE. 2. From the "Beaver."

BABINE POST (See page 65)

Babine was established in the first instance about twenty five miles from the foot of the lake in 1822 for

the purpose of supplying New Caledonia district with dried salmon. The Fraser river watershed had frequent short salmon seasons and the opening of Babine on the Skeena river watershed insured a constant supply, it never having had a short salmon season in its history.

In 1872 the Omineca mining excitement caused a rush of 5000 people who opened a new route from the mines to Hazelton on the Skeena, crossing Babine lake at its north end. To participate in the consequent trade Babine post was moved from the old fort to its present location at the head of the Babine river.

There are two interpretations of the meaning of the name... "Lips" or outlet of the lake, and "Thick Lips." The natives at that time used sticks to make their lips protrude as a mark of beauty, resulting in their lips becoming thick. We are inclined to think the last interpretation is the right one, because other natives refer to this tribe as the Babines and also because the original location was 25 miles from the lips or outlet of the lake.

Babine has a population of 10 whites and 343 natives, part of the Dene tribe extending between the Cascade and Rocky mountain ranges from Mexico to the Skeena river. Its industries are fishing, mining and hunting, and nearby is a salmon hatchery with a capacity of 11,000,000.

Babine has a fine Roman Catholic church and possesses a climate and scenery that is bound to bring it into prominence. Shooting, fishing, and canoeing are excellent. The lake is 110 miles long and will not average in width more than two miles. It is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by rolling land and is the chief spawning ground for the Skeena river salmon, where millions of salmon can be seen each fall fighting their way up, the small rivers around its shores until they spawn.

The route from Hazelton to Babine is forty eight miles by pack horses, or from the Canadian National Railway at Topley by wagon road twenty eight miles to Babine Lake, thence north on the lake ninety miles by gas boat, or in winter by sleigh.

NOTE. 3 From the "Beaver." (See page 72)

HAZELTON.

Established in 1872 by those rushing into the country on account of placer gold discoveries in the Omineca. The Hudson's Bay Company acquired its location by purchasing the buildings and rights of one of these adventurers.

It was soon evident that the Skeena route was cheaper to haul freight over than the Fraser river route; therefore it was adopted, and until the completion of the Grand Trunk railroad, McLeod's Lake, Fort Graham, Babine, Fort St. James and Fraser's Lake posts all got

their annual freight by that route.

From 1872 up to 1893 canoes were the only carriers used and one has only to know the swiftness of the water and the dangers of the canyons to realize what a difficult undertaking this was.

In 1893 the first steamer was built and, from this on to the advent of the railroad, Hazelton became the most talked of town in the interior of British Columbia. It was the head of navigation on the Skeena, the distributing point for Manson, Vital and Tom's Creek mines, and the Bulkely valley as well as Kispiox and north. It also became an important point in the Yukon telegraph line. All supplies to north and south were distributed with pack trains from there.

It has a population of about 216 natives and 100 whites, Dominion government telegraph, general hospital, Anglican, Methodist and Salvation Army churches, public school, provincial district mining engineer, Indian agent, forestry men, and until lately had other government offices, such as mining recording, police etc.

Industries tributary are agriculture, mining, timber, big game hunting, and it is the fur center for all natives north and south.

It is on the Canadian National Railroad, 177 miles east of Prince Rupert and at the foot of the famous Roche de Boule mountain.

NOTE. 4 From the "Beaver." (See page 84)

MCLEOD'S LAKE POST AND INDIAN VILLAGE.

Established in 1805 McLeod's Lake post is regarded as the oldest H. B. post still in operation in British Columbia. The reserve has approximately sixty natives residing on it, with four white men living in close proximity. It has a Catholic mission church and is visited yearly by a priest.

The leather brigade of earlier times used the Peace Paranip and Pack rivers as their route from Chipewyan to B. C. points, and when reaching McLeod's Lake sometimes used a short overland route (90 miles) to Fort St. James and Fraser's Lake.

The lake is thirteen miles long and well supplied with trout of varieties including the Arctic or grayling. In earlier days beaver and marten were extremely numerous.

Reached from Prince George by wagon road to Summit lake 32½ miles, thence by canoe or boat 80 miles to the post. This part of the route is by Crooked river which has many small lakes bulging out along its winding course and at spots offers the finest fishing obtainable in any part of the province, as well as the most numerous crop of mosquitoes to be found in any part of the world.

NOTE. 5. From the "Beaver." (See page 84)

FORT GRAHAME.

Most of our commissioners have left monuments to themselves. This one however might be dignified enough to represent an ordinary servant, but one would think Commissioner Grahame could have done better. It was the most northerly post opened by Fort St. James in a chain commencing with Fort Connelly, Bears lake, and Bears lake outpost, and for many years our freight shipped to it was marked "B.L.O." In fact so generally were these letters used that outsiders thought its name was B.L.O.

Situated on the Finlay river sixty five miles north from the junction of the Parsnip and Peace rivers, it has a population of three whites and 96 Indians, most of them being travellers trading at times with the Cassiar posts.

The freight route is Prince George, to Summit lake by wagon road 32½ miles; Summit lake to McLeod lake post via Crooked river, 80 miles; McLeod's lake to Finlay Forks via Pack and Parsnip rivers, 110 miles; Finlay Forks to post up Finlay river, 65 miles.

The mail route is via Edmonton and Hudson's Hope to Finlay Forks during winter months, and from May to September via Prince George.

Industries are mining and trapping exclusively but the opportunities for moving picture operators and still picture photographers are good and the possibilities for hunting big game unlimited.

During the 1898 Klondyke rush it came into prominence on account of its being on the Edmonton Dawson route and the point that most parties reached in the fall of the year after leaving Edmonton. It therefore became wintering quarters not only for Inspector Moody and his party of North West mounted police, but for many others. With Inspector Moody at this time was Constable Fitzgerald after whom Smith Landing was renamed Fitzgerald.

NOTE. 6. From the "Beaver." (See page 95.)

TELEGRAPH CREEK.

Stikine river trade was first attempted at Stikine, lower part of river, in 1834, and moved on two different occasions until, in 1898, Glenora was reached, from where it was expected a railroad would be built to Dawson, making an all Canadian route to the Yukon mining fields. Great developments were looked for, and a magnificent store was built and 5000 people rushed to the scene.

The Dominion house of Commons passed a bill authorizing the construction of the railroad and four miles of grading was done, but the senate threw out the bill and the whole project was quashed.

The Company store was torn down and moved

twelve miles farther up the river to Telegraph Creek in 1900. It was re-erected thirty feet shorter than before, and even then it was conceded to be the last word in fur trade store construction.

Located on the Stikine river at the head of navigation 162 miles from Wrangel, Alaska, it became the front door to that great "big game" country known as the Cassiar.

It is reached by C.P.R. steamer, Vancouver to Wrangel, 634 miles; and by gas boat, Wrangel to Telegraph Creek, 162 miles. Winter mail route (bi monthly, limit 100 pounds per trip) C.P.R. steamer, Vancouver to Skagway, 1000 miles; railroad, Skagway to Carcross, 50 miles; horse sleigh Carcross to Atlin, 50 miles; dogs to Telegraph Creek, 200 miles.

The northern party constructing the Yukon telegraph line commenced operations from this point, leaving the river by a small creek flowing into the Stikine. It was called Telegraph Creek, the town thus getting this name in consequence.

The industries are trapping and trading. It is the distributing centre for government, Yukon telegraph supplies, Hudson's Bay Company's Cassiar posts, miners operating on Dease Lake and Dease Creek, and for prospectors operating farther north; and is an outfitting point for big game hunters, who spend with the natives perhaps \$40.000 each year.

The population comprises 284 Tahltan Indians and 50 whites.

Stikine Indian agency has its head office here and the provincial government has a resident agent. There is a Dominion government telegraph office and post office as well as a Church of England mission. Two hotels and one annex were established, but only one is now operated.

The climate is not unlike that of northern British Columbia perhaps drier than the average. Volcanic activities have flourished in some parts and, owing to rivers having been cut down deep, the higher up soil is unusually dry, with scant vegetation.

There are three horse ranches, but the general nature of the country is not suitable for stock or grain raising without irrigation, even with irrigation the available water is icy cold and not plentiful.

The scenic beauty of the country from the Alaskan boundary, which is 36 miles up the river from Wrangel is marvellous. The lower altitudes abound in ice and glaciers with a profusion of flowers and rank growth of vegetation, while higher up flowers, mountains and volcanic masses blocked out by swiftly running rivers cut down 80 to 300 feet below the general level make plenty of contrast and unusual grandeur which, when viewed first, is

much appreciated. But in the fatigue of crossing the country and climbing up and down hills, a few hundred feet to one mile high, one forgets its beauty.

NOTE. 7. From the "Province." 1924 (See page 54)

CRANBROOK.

This city takes its name from Cranbrook, Kent, England. It was given by Col. Baker, whose family had their residence in the English town. Col. Baker was a brother of Baker Pasha, a British officer of high rank.

He came to the Kootenays about forty years ago, and settled on the site of Cranbrook, purchasing the land from John Galbraith. Prior to that time, the vicinity was known as Joseph's Prairie, having been named by early settlers, in honour of Joseph, chief of the Kootenay Indians, who resided in the locality.

Col. Baker was by way of being a free trader in the old days. He kept a trail side store for years prior to the advent of the railway in 1898. The trail led by Baker's property from the mineral fields through to Walla Walla, Wash. All goods came in on pack trains. (From C. J. Lewis, Secretary, Cranbrook Board of Trade.)

NOTE. 8 From the "Province" 1924. (See page 24.)

GOLDEN.

The pleasant little town of Golden, which is so picturesquely nestled between the magnificent Selkirks and mighty Rocky Mountain Ranges, where the turbulent waters of the Kicking Horse empty themselves into the peaceful Columbia recalls the rivalry between the construction camps when the Canadian Pacific Railway was building.

It was one winter morning in the year 1883, that a dog team bringing the mail to the East arrived at the nameless collection of huts, with the momentous news that a rival camp at the place where a flag station is today, known as "Castle Mountain," had been christened with due ceremonies, "Silver City."

Hon. F. W. Aylmer,[#] upon hearing of the ambitious name bestowed on the rival camp, exclaimed, "Boys, we will go them one better and call our camp "Golden City." The name was immediately seized upon. Ten years later the post office department shortened the name by dropping the word 'city,' and the name 'Golden' has remained ever since.

[#] p. 33.

FERNIE.

This mining city in the Crows Nest was named after William Fernie, pioneer settler of the district. William Fernie was the discoverer of the coal measures in the district in 1887.

In relating the occurrence Mr. Fernie stated that in the spring of 1887 he went into the district about Michel Creek to prospect for coal and discovered several substantial seams. He applied to purchase some thousands of acres of land from the government and had the claims surveyed the following year.

In 1889 Mr. Fernie prospected for coal in the Coal Creek district and staked and applied to purchase 10,000 acres of coal lands.

A company was formed to work the measures and from that time until 1900 when he retired from the service of the company, he continued prospecting and development work for the company. The townsite of Fernie was cleared and named in honour of William Fernie in 1898. The city was later destroyed by fire but was rebuilt on a more substantial basis.

Aug 1,

1908